The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1889.

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THE

Stirling News-Argus

is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

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Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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For ordinary business advertisements:

	Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for.		
	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

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Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. J. MEIKLEJOHN, M. D., C. M.,

LATE OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY, Edinburgh, Scotland.

OFFICE—Over Dr. Parker's Drug Store.

SHERRY & MACAULAY,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN THE SUPREME COURT, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, Etc.

Branch office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store, Stirling, Ont. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday.

Head office, Bridge St., Belleville, Ont.

GEO. J. SHERRY. C. J. MACAULAY.

W. A. P. CAMPBELL,

SOLICITOR OF THE SUPREME COURT, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Stirling, Ont. $125,000 to loan. Office over C. F. Sticke's store.

CHARLES BUTLER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

ERNEST WOOTTON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of Hastings. Residence and post office—Wellman's Corners.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STIRLING CEMETERY.

LOTS ARE OFFERED FOR SALE IN Stirling Cemetery at the following rates: Large lots $10.00. Small lots $5.00. Terms cash. For further information apply to

W. S. MARTIN.

W. J. BUTLER,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

GRADUATE ONT. VET. COLLEGE, TORONTO, Ont.

Office, opposite Post Office. Residence, opposite Girdwood's Carriage Shop.

ROYAL TEMPLARS of TEMPERANCE

Stirling Council No. 298,

MEET IN THEIR HALL, over Post Office, every Tuesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

R. D. WIGHT, Sec. G. L. SCOTT, S. C.

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69,

A. F. & A. M.,

G. R. C., will meet in the masonic Hall, North street, on

Thursday Eve., Jan. 9, 1890.

Visiting brethren welcome.

W. BOARDMAN, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE

NO. 239,

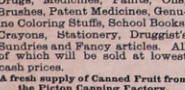
I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY!



J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

Of over 20 years' practice in the Town of Trenton, will be at the

STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING,

every Wednesday from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Expert operations performed with vitalized air. Best fits of artificial teeth, filling, etc. Particular attention given to saving the under molars, which cannot generally be replaced with satisfactory substitutes.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

A fresh supply of Canned Fruit from the Picton Canning Factory.

All of which will be sold very cheap.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

CHAPLIN, REID & SELBY

NURSERYMEN,

NURSERIES AT NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

W. C. REID,

ENTERPRISE, ONT.

Stock guaranteed true to name, and delivered in a healthy and thrifty condition.

Hardy varieties a specialty.

Parties wishing stock of any kind would do well to see agent before purchasing.

Servant Girl Wanted.

APPLY AT THE MANSE, STIRLING.

MRS. GRAY.

WANTED.

A GOOD NEW MILCH COW.

JAMES CURRIE,

NEWS-ARGUS Office.

THE NEWS-ARGUS, $1.00 per year.

Fine Overcoatings!

We have now in stock a very fine assortment of

MEN'S OVERCOATINGS

IN

Beavers, - Meltons, - Naps - and - Worsteds.

These goods are worthy the attention of those who require

Fashionable Overcats at moderate prices

We have also some extra fine

Corsican Lamb Overcoats at $25

For good value in material and workmanship pay a visit to

F. T. WARD.

Repair : Accounts.

Repair accounts must be settled at once. All persons indebted to me for the same will please take notice.

E. F. PARKER.

December 4th, 1889.

WANTED!

All parties indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle their accounts before the FIRST of DECEMBER, 1889.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Felt Boots and Waterproof Blacking

CHEAP FOR CASH.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

BOOKS FOR XMAS.

Sunday at Home, - Leisure Hours, Boys' and Girls' Own Book, and Other Annuals.

A special lot of New Books, suitable for Sunday Schools. Prices lower than usual, and a special discount to teachers and purchasers of school libraries.

R. PARKER.

Change of Business.

DEMILL BROS. HAVING PURCHASED the Bakery business from Mr. A. Martin, would inform the public that they intend turning out a first class article of Bread, and solicit your patronage. Fresh bread will be delivered regularly every day.

DEMILL BROS.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD FRAME HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE of Springbrook, and lot containing nearly one-half acre. On the premises there is a good drive house, a number of fruit trees, etc. For terms and further particulars apply on the premises, to

GEORGE RICHARDS.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD BRICK DWELLING WITH kitchen and wood house attached and a lots situated on the east side of Edward street, opposite the R. C. Church, in the village of Stirling. There are upwards of fifty good bearing fruit trees on the premises.

For terms and other particulars apply on the premises. JAMES McKEOWN.

CASH

—VERSUS—

CREDIT!

And Cash Always Wins.

WHILE THANKING MY CUSTOMERS and friends for their very liberal support in the past, I wish to announce that for the NEXT THREE MONTHS I can only part with my goods for ready pay, and as an inducement to pay cash, will give from

5 to 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

—ON—

EVERY PURCHASE OVER $2.00

I have a large and well-selected stock and now is the time to secure bargains and save money.

All Accounts and Notes MUST BE PAID by first of January, 1890.

P. WELCH.

Springbrook, Nov. 11th, 1889.

THE MERCHANTS' Protective & Collecting Association

Of Canada.

Head Office,—Hamilton, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the

COLLECTION OF DEBTS;

And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay.

Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Manager, Hamilton, Ont., will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, &c.

J. Bidwell Mills & Co., Managers.

Nickel-Steel.

The Sudbury mines of the Canada Copper Company are believed to be not only among the richest of the world, but unrivalled in wealth of nickel. They have become of unexpected value in the production of a new kind of nickel-steel. This alloy, by virtue of its strength, flexibility and resistance to corrosion, promises to supplant for many uses not only steel, but copper, brass and several other metals very extensively used. Hitherto the demand for nickel has not warranted its production in great quantities. Nor was it known to exist anywhere in such amounts as would enable it to be produced so cheaply as it may be from the Sudbury mines. But for the invention of nickel steel these mines could not be worked to their full capacity, and but for these mines the alloy could not be produced so cheaply as to permit its use for anything like so great a variety of purposes as it seems likely to be put to. Obviously, if this be so—if the mines are necessary to the commercial manufacture of the alloy—Ontario is sure to have almost a monopoly of what promises to be one of the greatest of modern metals. Mr. Edison, who is not only a famous inventor, but a particularly shrewd capitalist, is reported to be so satisfied of the future of the nickel-steel industry and the value of the facilities for its pursuit in Ontario, that he proposes to invest $300,000 in the smelting works projected for erection in Haliburton or Trenton. There the iron and the nickel for nickel-steel works can be easily brought together by the agency of the Ontario Central Railway, which the Copper Company propose to extend from Coe Hill to Sudbury. It is understood that the Dominion Government will aid this extension, and it may be that the Ontario Government will treat it as being worthy of a subsidy in its capacity of a colonization line.

It is said to be a fact that the alloy can be produced in North Hastings or Haliburton so cheaply that it may be extensively exported, despite any ordinary rate of duty. We may, therefore, count hopefully on the immediate prosecution of the manufacture. Its importance to Ontario may be surmised from the statement that the operations already contemplated by the Copper Company will be accompanied by a distribution of $25,000 a day for wages, fuel and supplies. An estimate of the sums to be expended in connection with the probable ultimate development of the industry would read like wild exaggeration. At a time when the agricultural industry is depressed the nickel-steel invention promises to come very effectively to the rescue, and certainly the Federal and Provincial authorities should do everything that can be reasonably demanded for furthering the manufacture.

Mineral Wealth

Of British Columbia and the North west.

Very few persons are as yet aware of the mineral wealth of British Columbia and Alberta, touching it on the east. At Revelstoke on the Columbia river, in the northern part of British Columbia, mining companies lately thoroughly examined the Selkirk mountains, have just put in $250,000 worth of smelting and assaying apparatus.

The silver and galena ores of Lardeau and Kootenay are very rich, and almost boundless in extent. Platinum, mica, lead and iron are also found in large quantities, and some of these mines are being rapidly developed.

With capital and better appliances the yield of wealth from these mines promises to be large and permanent.

The coal mines of Anthracite and Canmore are very extensive. The mining engineer, Mr. Watts, of Calgary, who was at the Anthracite mine, says that their prospects were so good that they expected to bring in 500 more men in a few weeks. The mine had been worked by an American company with limited success, but quite lately it had passed into the hands of English capitalists, who are greatly encouraged, and, in fact, elated over new developments. "We have," said Mr. Watts, "in mining parlance sixty millions (60,000,000) of tons of this hard coal in sight." There is now a demand in San Francisco alone of one hundred tons daily. It is worth at the mouth of the pit $4 per ton.

The St. John Poisoner

TO SPEND HIS LIFE IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The MacRae murder trial at St. John, N. B., is over and William J. McDonald will spend the remainder of his life in the lunatic asylum. Mr. Weldon's speech on the prisoner's behalf on Friday night occupied five hours and was a very powerful argument. But the case against the prisoner proved too strong. Solicitor-General Pugsley's address Saturday morning swept away every vestige of plausible defence, and the Judge's charge, while impartial, told heavily against McDonald. Both the counsel and the prisoner's defence touched upon the question of insanity, and Judge King pointed out the law relating to it. The jury retired for a little over five hours, and returned a verdict that the prisoner was not guilty of the crime charged, but expressly stating he was not guilty because insane, which being interpreted, means that he did the deed but was not responsible. Judge King expressed a full concurrence in the verdict, and the prisoner was remanded to await committal to an asylum.

McDonald manifested no emotion. He kept well at sight, eat heartily and talks about the case with the utmost coolness. He will probably be confined in the provincial lunatic asylum, which is located at St. John's.

"An Excellent Spine."

A Sunday School teacher once called on one of his scholars to read the third verse of the sixth chapter of Daniel, from which the lesson was taken. The verse reads, "Then this Daniel was preferred before the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him. And the king sought to set him over the whole realm." The scholar, not knowing the meaning of the word, gave a slightly revised version of the text, as follows: "Then this Daniel was preferred before the presidents and princes, because an excellent spine was in him."

It is very likely that the revision produced a smile, but it also conveyed a lesson. A man without "an excellent spine" makes a very poor Christian, and would never "dare to be a Daniel," or "dare to stand alone." The little boy expressed just what many Christians need at the present day. There are some who are willing to sing, "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone," but they lack Daniel's "excellent spine," and so they will never be Daniels, and will not be likely to stand alone. May God raise up more men like Daniel; men who fear God and work righteousness; men of excellent spine—men who have backbone.—*World's Crisis.*

A Moment

Of your time, reader, may perhaps be profitably devoted to the reading:—

Those who take an agency for a reliable enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "get on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in any canvassing business will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

Bronchitis Cured

After spending ten Winters South, was cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York, June 24th, 1889.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter south. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day.

C. T. CHURCHILL.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

China's Population.

ENORMOUS INCREASE IN MODERN TIMES.

A writer in the *North China Herald*, discussing the causes of the increase in the population of China, and the increasing energy of the Chinese race which enables it to absorb other peoples and always to conquer in the struggle for existence, remarks that the native statistics show that it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the population went beyond 60,000,000. From that period onward it has grown continuously, in spite of famines, wars and pestilences, and is overflowing into other countries and causing political disquietude.

The causes of this are a mild and paternal Government, the extension of foreign trade, and the spread of emigration. In this period there were two great wars, those of Kangsi and Kienlung, which lasted about sixty years each, the greater number of which were years of profound tranquility and beneficient legislation. The educational system, also, which extends to every village, and leads to the very lowest, has greatly increased with teaching and literature, and to a multiplication of occupations, has stimulated the increase of population, while foreign trade has vastly increased the number of persons engaged in agriculture. The cultivation of silk has enormously under the influence of the foreign export, and with it the number of persons engaged in tending mulberry trees, feeding worms, spinning, weaving, wholesale and retail trade in silk, etc.

Out of the 380,000,000 of which the population is, according to the latest official statistics, composed, about 1 in 10 is engaged in agriculture, 1 in 100 is a bricklayer or mason, 1 in 120 is a tailor, 1 in 140 is a blacksmith, 1 in 9 a waiterman, while about 1 in 100 is a carpenter. All these classes are largely benefitted by and increase and multiply with foreign trade. Lastly emigration has caused an increase in the population to a remarkable degree. The places of those who leave are soon filled up, and when the emigrants return with their wealth they reset upon the general prosperity, and consequently the population, by putting their capital into local enterprises, and thus adding their quota to the wealth of the nation.

The Management of Petroleum Lamps.

In view of the numerous fatal and other accidents caused by petroleum lamps, the following suggestions as to the construction and management of such lamps have been made by Sir Frederick Abel and Mr. Boverton Redwood, chemist of the Petroleum Association, after investigating the causes of lamp accidents:

1. That portion of the wick which is in the oil reservoir should be enclosed in a tube of thin sheet metal, open at the bottom, or in a cylinder of fine wire gauze, such as is used in miners' safety lamps (28 meshes to an inch).

2. The oil reservoir should be of metal rather than of china or glass.

3. The oil reservoir should have no feeding-place nor opening other than the opening into which the upper part of the lamp is screwed.

4. Every lamp should have a proper extinguishing apparatus.

5. Every lamp should have a broad and heavy base.

6. Wicks should be soft and not tightly plaited.

7. Wicks should be dried at the fire before being put into lamps.

8. Wicks should be only just long enough to reach the bottom of the oil reservoir.

9. Wicks should be so wide that they quite fill the wick holder without having to be screwed down tight.

10. Wicks should be soaked with oil before being lit.

11. The reservoir should be quite filled with oil every time before using the lamp.

12. The lamp should be kept thoroughly clean, all oil should be carefully wiped off, and all charred wick and dirt removed before lighting.

13. When the lamp is lit the wick should be at first turned down, and then slowly raised.

14. Lamps which have no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows: The wick should be turned down until there is only a small, flickering flame, and a sharp puff of breath should be sent across the top of the chimney, but not down it.

15. Cans or bottles used for oil should be free from water and dirt, and should be kept thoroughly closed.

Picton.

(From Our Correspondent.)

At the high school entrance examinations in Picton 67 candidates wrote—29 boys and 38 girls.

Dentist Thompson returned on Monday from a professional tour in Grenville and Leeds counties.

The Ball Electric Light Company have sent their construction manager, and he is now starting the work of putting in the plant.

On Sabbath, 29th inst., the congregation of the Presbyterian church will elect two additional elders by ballot.

Mr. Thomas Bennett of the Century Soap Factory, arrived home on Friday from a six weeks' tour in western Ontario.

The Christmas Tree at Ivy church, two miles west of here, was held on Saturday, Dec. 21. A very large crowd attended. The programme consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, readings and essays. The dialogue, "The Photographer," by Shaw, Austin and Bradford, brought forth the greatest applause. Another, "The Train to Mauro," by Miss F. Shaw, D. S. Austin and J. Hialgh, with good support, and "Down East" was well rendered. The music by Miss M. and Mr. E. Orser was excellent. The "tree" was loaded to its utmost capacity of beautiful, useful and costly presents. Among others was a fine silver watch for Miss Mary S. Shaw. The receipts at the door were $34.50, not including the Sunday School. Fine weather favored them.

Wheat is again quoted at 75 cents in some parts of Manitoba, 70 cents being the prevailing price. This is about 10 cents higher than is paid in Ontario.

Temperance people in Winnipeg predict that there will be total prohibition in Manitoba within two years. In seventy municipalities out of eighty-seven there is no license.

Hon. Mr. Colby, the newly appointed President of the council in the Mackenzie Government, has been re-elected in Stanstead by a majority of 1042. His opponent was Mr. LaBaron, who ran on the Equal Rights platform, and polled 591 votes.

Dakota farmers, finding that they can reach the east at lower rates via the C.P.R. than by American lines, will travel by Canadian routes hereafter. They report some settlers in Dakota to be in a starving condition, and many others are leaving for Manitoba. There are many cases where they are compelled to pay six per cent. per month interest to get the necessaries of life.

An article in Chamber's Journal gives some seasonable talk about toys. Modern toys are made chiefly in Germany and Switzerland; and from Sonneberg, in Thuringia, about twenty-four million toys, valued at £800,000, are annually exported. The better qualities of marbles come from Holland, where they are made from alabaster and other stones. At Leipsic there is every year a ten days' toy fair, where more than six thousand merchants show their goods. As a rule, the workmen who make the toys are miserably paid.

Gathered Home.

Mrs. John Bygott, the death of whom was recorded in your issue of last week, deserves more than a passing notice. The deceased lady was 77 years and 8 months old, and died very suddenly on Wednesday night, Dec. 18th, in half an hour from the time she was taken ill. Her husband, John Bygott, died just eight years previous from the following morning. It falls to the lot of but few to gain the love, respect and admiration of all who had the pleasure of knowing her, as gentleness, kindness, hospitality and a generous heart for all that was pure were her principal characteristics. She was a kind mother and a true friend to the friendless. The Church of England, under whose ministrations she lived and died, with a full assurance of a glorious resurrection, will suffer a severe loss. We will all miss her gentle counsel and the manifest kindness of a living heart, and although dead to us all in the flesh, her memory will always remain a green spot amongst our most cherished recollections of all that is good and pure, and we wait patiently the time when we hope to meet her angelic spirit in that home where she has gone to be "Forever with the Lord. Amen. So let it be." She leaves a family of six married daughters and three sons to mourn the loss of a fond mother. J. P.

District and County Items.

The population of Picton is 2,988.

Peterborough is to have an electric light carbon manufactory.

Work on the N. & T. engine sheds at Tweed is being rapidly pushed forward.

Mr. Jas. Fairbairn, of North Fredericksburg, has a cow which has made 270 lbs of butter this season since April 1.

Messrs. Hess and Emerick, agents for the bull-less cats company in Hastings county have left the country and will not likely return.

On Sunday, Dec. 15th, the residence of Mr. Jas. Mairs, near Bridgewater, was burned, together with all the contents. No insurance.

One of the residents of Campbellford, who became involved in his business matters, made a quiet departure by the light of the moon one night during the week, quite unexpected to any one, and to the sorrow of some creditors.

The result of the inquiry into the causes of the burning of the steamer Quinte, has resulted in the suspending of the certificate of the Captain for one year from Dec. 18th, 1889. The certificate of the engineer has also been suspended for seven months from the same date.

A shooting affray took place in the township of Murray, about three miles from Trenton, on Monday evening last. Two men called at a house, and were ordered off by the inmates, one of whom fired a revolver, the ball entering the neck of James Lawson, who was at last accounts in a critical condition.

The prospectus of the new Rolling Mills Company, to commence operations in Belleville, has been issued. The company is to have a capital stock of $120,000, of which $80,000 must be subscribed, and $60,000 paid in before operations are commenced. The estimated cost of the buildings and works complete, ready to commence work, is $46,000. This would equip a mill capable of turning out over 70 tons of finished iron per day.

Picton has completed a contract with the Ball Electric Light Company for an arc light system. The contract price is $5,500, the town furnishing the power. There are to be two dynamos—one of 50 light and one of 25 light capacity. There are 50 lamps of 1,000 candle power each, capable of burning all night. Three lights at least per horse power are guaranteed. The town are also negotiating with the Heisler Company for an incandescence system for interior lighting.

The Madoc *Review* of Dec. 19 says:—A gentleman in the shape of a man, enveloped in a heavy, well-made fullcloth suit of clothes, tweed overcoat and heavy for overshoes and nothing over her but a thin shawl that did not look heavier than a sheet of factory cotton, and so chilled through that she could scarcely walk when she got out of the rig! Is there any category besides the brute whereto such a resemblance to man could be classed?

On Saturday, Dec. 14, a fire broke out in the stables of the Queen's Hotel, Trenton, and a strong wind blowing at the time it quickly spread to the hotel, which was soon enveloped together with a great part of the contents. The smoke was so dense that some of the inmates had some difficulty in escaping with their lives, and lost everything but the clothes they had on at the time. Two good span of horses, belonging to farmer Sidney, with sleighs and robes were also burned. The loss is heavy, but partially insured. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a stub of cigar carelessly dropped in some straw.

The Campbellford *Herald* exposes a swindle by which a farmer named Peter McDougall of Seymour township, was done out of over $200. Mr. McDonald was induced to give his note for $240 to a man who represented himself to be an agent of the National Bucket Co., of Toronto, which claimed to hold the patent right for the sale of an improved dairy bucket. Mr. McDonald purchased the right to sell these buckets at $2 each, and the note was held for security. Three days after the buckets were to be sent to Mr. McDonald within 60 days, but neither buckets nor note were forthcoming. The firm was a mythical one, and in the meantime the note was sold to a firm of brokers in Toronto, who demanded payment of same, and, in default, they have seized upon McDonald's stock and grain.

Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, president of the Central Ontario Railway Company, was in Ottawa on Saturday last, and had an interview with Sir John Macdonald which reference to the proposed extension of the Central Ontario road from Coe Hill to Sudbury. Mr. Ritchie stated that surveying parties had been over the proposed route, and a good location could be obtained. Capital was, of course, necessary to secure the construction of the line, and if Dominion and Provincial subsidies could be secured the capital required would be promptly forthcoming. Mr. Ritchie says it is in contemplation to extend the Marble Mountain one of Edison's magnetic ore separators. By this separator Edison, Mr. Ritchie says, has succeeded in taking the silica and chlorine out of the magnetic ores of North Hastings district being mined on a paying basis. The device is a simple one and consists of running the ore after it has been finally crushed through a hopper, below which is placed a powerful magnet. The magnet draws the iron ore towards it and separates it from the "dross," which is carried away by a blast of air. Asked with regard to Mr. Edison's recent trip to Sudbury, Mr. Ritchie said he had not been with him, and had not seen Mr. Edison for some time, so that he could not state what his impressions were of the nickel deposits.

Immigration this year to Manitoba amounts to 21,780, of which 12,693 were male adults, 4,705 females and 4,382 children.

According to German and Italian official statistics the effective force of the French army is placed at 4,300,000, and that of the German army at 7,200,000. These enormous forces are an immense tax on the resources of the country.

Springbrook.

The quarterly examination of the school for the close of the year was held in Springbrook Public School on Friday, the 20th inst. There were 62 pupils present. At the close of the examination Miss Edith Burkitt and Miss Matilda Meagher, as representatives of the pupils of the school, presented the teacher, W. H. Minchin, with an overcoat, cap and necktie, and Miss Edith Burkitt read the following Address:

DEAR TEACHER,—We, your pupils, knowing that you are going to leave us, cannot let this opportunity pass without showing to you some appreciation of the valuable services you have rendered to us, and your kindness to us, and we trust that you will accept these presents, not so much for their intrinsic value, but as a token of remembrance. While you are leaving us, and we feel the loss, we hope that where you are going will reap the benefits. We therefore ask you to accept these presents, hoping you may be long spared to advance the cause of education, and in bidding you, you good-bye, we wish you and your family a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Signed on behalf of the school,

EDITH BURKITT.
MATILDA MEAGHER.
ELIZABETH WILSON.
JOHN WEBB.
WILLIE BATEMAN.

The teacher, W. H. Minchin, then made the following reply:—Dear Pupils, I thank you sincerely for these presents, and the kindness you have shown, and the trouble you have taken to show your regard for me. I have been eight years teaching in your school. A good many of you have never been to any other teacher, and I feel a sadness at parting with you I cannot express. I have always tried to deal kindly with you. No doubt I may have sometimes made mistakes in dealing with as large a number of children as I have had here. I think it would be impossible not to make mistakes sometimes; but if I have ever been too harsh or severe with any of you I ask your forgiveness; and if ever you should need any advice or assistance in any matter where I could help you, I will be ready to assist you with pleasure. I must add here that in the eight years I have been in the school I have had one great pleasure in dealing with the children, they have been remarkably kind and truthful, considering the large number that attended the school.

During the time the teacher was speaking quite a number of the children cried, and the teacher had to stop two or three times, over come by his feelings.

I would add that W. H. Minchin has had remarkable success in the school, considering the school was so large and the usual irregular attendance. He has had fifteen pupils pass the entrance examination during the past six years. Two of them took diplomas on passing with unusual standing.

W. T. BATEMAN.

Book Notice.

There has just been issued a very practical arithmetic from the Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill., by L. B. McKenna, A.M., principal of the department of mathematics, and D. L. Musselman, A.M., principal and proprietor of the College.

This is a new book, just fresh from the press, and is a business arithmetic in the fullest sense of the term, and up to date with the most practical methods. The object aimed at is to give the student mental power, and the ability to meet successfully any problem in the business world, and the work is not a collection of theories and arithmetical puzzles.

It begins with a consideration of a few general terms concerning mathematics; arithmetic, science, and numbers, etc., are defined, and the different systems of notation are discussed. The fundamental processes are next treated and many short and new methods are presented. Fractions are given prominent attention, both common and decimal.

In denominate numbers will be found a cyclopedia of useful facts and figures. Longitude and time are presented in a very clear and interesting manner. Mensuration is very practical, and clearly put. Percentage in all its applications is treated very fully. The authors show their appreciation of the use of this division of arithmetic to business transactions by devoting nearly one half of the work to this subject.

The laws and customs of the business world in regard to the different applications of percentage are given, making this book very valuable to a business man for reference.

Four hundred and sixty pages, printed on fine paper in the clearest type with bold headings, between handsome covers, make it a book very fair to look upon. All in all it is equal if not in advance of other books of its class, in the treatment of the subject and typographically it is ahead of them all.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale or to Rent.

THAT VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY, being the East Half Lot 24 in Lot 1 Con. of Rawdon. Also Stone and Shingled Dwelling House with 12 acres of land.

Apply to W. S. MATHER.

NOTICE

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the estate of the late Elizabeth Bygott, of the village of Stirling, deceased, will please present such claims to the undersigned on or before the 1st of February, 1890, when they will receive prompt attention.

JAMES W. BYGOTT.

Stirling, Dec. 20th, 1889.

Russell's Improved Fence.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED the right for the Township of Rawdon of Russell's Improved Fence, hereby notifies all that have bought this fence to call at the Stirling House and settle for their rights for the same with as little delay as possible.

ROBERT COSBEY.

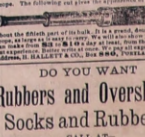
Stirling, Dec. 26, 1889.

STRAYED.

FROM THE PREMISES OF THE SUBscriber, Lot 26, 9th Con. of Rawdon, on the night of Dec. 16th, a red steer, yearling, two years old, red and white, with white in face, tail nearly white. A suitable reward will be paid to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

JAMES A. STEWART.

Sarginson P. O.



Also the Gilson Manufacturing Co. is a sound, double acting engine, as large as it says it is, very. We will sell the Gilson Engine for the same money we do the Gas Engine, the Gas Engine costs $125 and upwards, the Gilson Engine, all complete, with one year's service, $100. Gilson Engine Catalogue free. Address, S. BALLETT & CO., Box 8-8-8, PORTLAND, MAINE.

DO YOU WANT

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STIRLING.

YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE AND ONE.

One day some sad news came to mamma in a letter from over the sea. It came one morning when the children were at breakfast in the nursery, and mamma was sitting with them, as she nearly always did except when there was company. She opened the letter, and her face grew very white.

"Oh!" She gave a little cry, and covered her eyes with her hand for a minute. Then she said, and her voice was low, and trembled a good deal, "Children, your Uncle George is dead."

The children all felt sorry, and their bright faces grew sober, and they forgot to eat for a moment, but I think perhaps it was somewhat on account of mamma's pale, grieved face; because Uncle George had gone to Germany when he was not much more than a boy, and had lived there ever since, and none of the children had ever seen him. So he seemed quite like a stranger to them, and not at all like Uncle Joe, whom they saw every day of their liver, and loved very dearly.

But they all felt sorry for mamma, and Baby May, who could see that something was wrong, but was not old enough to understand all about it, left her saucer of oatmeal and cream, and climbed up in mamma's lap, and patted her cheeks and kissed them until she coaxed out a little smile, that was like a gleam of sunshine for them all.

Pretty soon mamma read the rest of the letter, and then there was more news for the children.

"Your Cousin Carl is coming to us," said mamma. "You know his mother died when he was only a baby, and now he is all alone, poor little fellow, and so he is coming to live with us."

"Oh goody! goody!" cried all the children. "Won't that be nice?"

Mamma smiled. "You must be very kind to him," she said.

"Of course we will!" said Georgie. "We'd be mean if we didn't. When will he come, mamma?"

"Before a great while," mamma answered.

But it was not until more than a month had gone by that little Carl Rupert came to his new home, and in the meanwhile the children thought a great deal about him, and wondered what he was like.

"Of course he'll have blue eyes," said Georgie, whose own were black as coals, "and yellow hair. All those Germany fellows do, you know. And I s'pose it's likely he'll be real fat and big and strong, maybe like that Hans Bergman. But if he goes to—"

Georgie doubled up his fist without knowing it. Hans Bergman was always teasing boys smaller than himself, and he was the only "Germany fellow" Georgie had ever seen.

But when he came to see his Cousin Carl —dear me!

"Why, he isn't near so big as I am!" thought Master Georgie. "I could hold him with one hand, kick all he's a mind to. And his hair's as black as mine, and his eyes, too, aint he weeny though! And he looks like mamma, only scared half to death, and as if he'd been crying a week, poor little chap!"

That is about what Georgie thought, and his heart went out to the little stranger on the spot. So did Jack's and Meta's and Baby May's for that matter, and it wasn't long before Carl felt quite at home among them all, almost as if he had known them all his life.

"He's real chipper now," said Georgie to Uncle Joe, in confidence, "and I like him tiptop; but he *does* tell the greatest yarns you ever saw, Uncle Joe."

"How's that?" asked Uncle Joe, beginning to look interested. "What about, Georgie?"

"Oh, everything 'most," Georgie answered. "'Bout the way folks do over where he used to live. Over there he says, old St. Nicholas comes round on a white horse long enough before Christmas, and finds out who's been good, and what they want, and all, and then gives it to 'em when Christmas comes. And they all fill their shoes with stuff for the white horse to eat, and put 'em out doors, and sometimes they find their shoes filled full of candy. Don't you b'lieve, Uncle Joe, he says he's seen St. Nicholas time 'n' again, Carl does, so he knows it's so. Now ain't that a whopper?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Joe, gravely. "I don't know as 'tis, Georgie, boy. You've seen Santa Claus, haven't you?"

"Ye-es," admitted Georgie. His own mind wasn't quite clear even yet about the queer little dumpling of a man, covered ears to toes with fur, whom he had caught in the very act of filling the stockings last year. He hadn't more than half believed there was any real, true Santa Claus, you see, and had kept awake behind the sitting-room sofa to find out for himself. I think I must tell you all about it sometime; I haven't room here.

"Well, why shouldn't there be a St. Nicholas, then," asked Uncle Joe, "like the one Carl tells about?"

"I don't know," answered Georgie. But he didn't believe there was, all the same. You could tell by the way his lips curled at the corners. They curled in exactly the same way a little while afterward when the children were all cuddled around the cozey nursery fire.

"We're going to do the way Carl says," said Dean.

"Pooh and nonsense!" said Georgie.

"We *are*!" declared Meta, stoutly; "and put out our shoes with oats in 'em, so!"

"And I'm going to ask for the best sled in this town," said Jack.

"You'll be likely to get it," said Georgie, curling his lip more and more.

"Well, I will, now," replied Jack, "'cause Carl says—"

"Cat's *foot*!" interrupted Georgie. "You're a goosey-gump! And Carl's a story-teller. There isn't any such a thing."

The little German cousin's black eyes filled with tears. "There was a St. Nicholas where I used to live, that went round the way I told you," he said. "But maybe there isn't here."

"Anyhow we'll try it," said Meta. "I wouldn't be so hateful, Georgie Holmes!"

Those tears touched Georgie's heart. He did not mean to be unkind.

"Well, I won't," said he. "Let's play something, now. Try it if you want to."

"So they would and so they did. When the night of the 6th of December came they all, excepting Georgie, filled their shoes with oats for the white horse, and put them out on the steps, and then they came and sat down around the fire to wait.

"It's so funny!" gurgled Meta; isn't it mamma?"

"Very funny," smiled mamma.

"I hope he'll come," said Carl, soberly. "But I'm afraid he won't; it's so far to here."

Then Georgie's lip began to curl, but before he could speak, there was a clash of bells outside, and a thundering rap on the door, which opened itself, and in walked—St. Nicholas!

He was very, very tall, with long, white hair, and a beard that covered most of his face, and he wore a black gown that trailed on the floor, and carried a big book under one arm. The children clung around mamma, in delighted terror, hardly daring to breathe. Even Carl was a little frightened.

"My dear madam," said St. Nicholas, in a very low, deep voice, "have these children all been good?"

Mamma just glanced at Georgie. St. Nicholas was looking at him, too. Georgie felt his cheeks grow red.

"They have done pretty well," answered mamma. "I think they have all *tried* to be good."

Then St. Nicholas opened his book and scribbled away at a great rate for a minute, looking first at one child and then at another, but oftenest at Georgie. Then he asked two or three more questions of mamma, and shook Carl's little, trembling hand and hoped he was well. And then of a sudden, nobody knew just how it happened, the lamp went out, and when it was lighted again St. Nicholas had gone.

"Well, if that aint the greatest!" said Georgie, as soon as he could find his tongue.

"He did come! he did come!" cried Carl. "Oh, I'm very glad!"

"Now, let's look at our shoes," said Jack.

Would you believe it? The oats were gone, and the shoes were full of nuts and candy.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Meta. "Now, *don't* you wish you'd put yours out, Georgie Holmes?"

Georgie made a wry face.

"Maybe I don't," said he. "Look here, we forgot to tell him what we wanted, after all."

"So we did!" said Carl, "but he'll bring it just as well. Here, Georgie, is a share of mine. He knows, you see."

He must have known, because Christmas brought to them all just what they most wanted. But Georgie hasn't got over being puzzled yet.

"It's the funniest thing," he says. "I don't know hardly what to think, mamma. You know he was awful tall, and Uncle Joe—he's awful tall, too. But I'll put out my shoe next Eve of St. Nicholas, true as you live."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He hath no labor who useth it not.—[George Herbert.

If knowledge is power, patience is powerful.—[Robert Hall

God created the coquette as soon as he made the fool.—[Victor Hugo.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is misery.—[Suckling.

Things unhoped for happen oftener than things that we desire.—[Plautus.

Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.—[Emerson.

What a heavy burden is a name which has become too soon famous.—[Voltaire.

Girls we love for what they are, young men for what they promise to be.—[Goethe

Remove but the temptation of leisure, and the bow of Cupid will lose its effect.—[Ovid.

God intended for women two provisions against sin,—modesty and remorse.—[Miranda of Piedmont.

You may find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and two pence.—[Sydney Smith.

In love, as in everything else, experience is a physician which never comes until after the disorder is cured.—[Mme. de la Tour.

Women hope that a dead love may revive; but men know that of all dead things none are so past recall as a dead passion.—[Ouida.

Prudery is often immodestly modest; its habit is to multiply sentinels in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.—[G. D Prentice.

Liberalism is the trust of the people tempered by prudence; conservation, distrust of the people tempered by fear.—[Gladstone.

There is no point on which young women are more easily piqued than this: Of their sufficiency to judge the men who make love to them.—[George Eliot.

The grave is the crucible where memory is purified. We only remember a dead friend by those qualities which make him regretted.—[J. Petit-Senn.

Nature makes us buy her presents at the price of so many sufferings, that it is doubtful whether she deserves most the title of parent or stepmother.—[Pliny the Elder.

True grandeur does not consist in the possession, but in the use of humble means; for new born infants frequently inherit their father's kingdoms and empires.—[Plutarch.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning, have made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.—[Chesterfield.

A wretched soul bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more, we should ourselves complain.—[Shakespere.

WONDERFUL TUNNELS.

One Cut on the Plan of a Corkscrew, Others Straight and Long.

On the St Gothard railway, not far from the famous long tunnel, there is a remarkable tunnel on the plan of a corkscrew. In the descent of the mountain it was found impossible to lay out a safe incline on a straight line or ordinary curve, and the engineers got over the difficulty by driving a tunnel which enters the mountain high on the side, describing a circle through the solid rock, constantly descending as it does so, reappears under itself on the mountain side some distance below, then dives into the rock, again circles and sinks as it circles until it again emerges into daylight under itself, when the line resumes its course down hill in a more familiar way.

The making of a tunnel like this is as striking an example of engineering skill as the world can show, and very many skillful things have been done by our railway makers. The art of tunneling is an old one, but it never attained such perfection as distinguishes it to-day.

There is a wonderful tunnel at Chicago, driven in 1852, two miles out under the bottom of the lake, so that the city may obtain a water supply free from the refuse of the city. This tunnel which has now been doubled, has two shafts, one on land and one in the bed of the lake, rising through a crib, which crib is defended by a breakwater, and serves as the foundation of a lighthouse. This was a difficult one to manage, owing to its being through clay and quicksand, but it is a mere nothing as to length. There is, for instance, the Croton aqueduct from Croton down to New York, which is driven through solid rock for 33¼ miles. The Hoosac tunnel is four and three-quarter miles in length, and is twenty-six feet wide and twenty-one and a-half feet high.

In Peru, on the Lima & Oroyo railroad, there are sixty tunnels in 100 miles, the longest being on the summit of the pass through the Andes. This tunnel is two miles higher above sea level than either the St. Gothard or Mont Cenis, and all the tools and stores and food had to be carried up the mountain on mule-back.

When canals where introduced into Europe tunnels became necessary to avoid excessive lockage and with the railways tunnels became quite common. Of the older railway tunnels in England the longest is the Woodhead, on the Manchester & Leeds line, which is three miles longer, and consists of two paralled tunnels, one for each track.

A wordy strife has sprung up between French and German newspapers over the respective exploits of Stanley and Emin Pasha. The French journals having charged the German explorer with cowardice, his compatriots took up the matter warmly, and accused Stanley of absorbing credit which belonged to the man he went to rescue. The German retort is natural enough under the circumstances; but the world will be slow to admit its justice, and more inclined to give each of the adventurers plentiful honors. If one accept the American's account of his wanderings, it is certain that he has traversed regions new to Emin. A glance at the rough newspaper map which illustrates Stanley's travels, reveals an immense region of forest extending on both sides of the Aruwimi river, between the Congo and the province governed by the Pasha. That region had not been explored before it was penetrated by Stanley, and he made his way hundreds of miles against the resistance of hostile tribes.

CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

A Thrilling Adventure in the Pacific Ocean.

In the year 1859 a British steamer called the Fairfax arrived at Shanghai in distress, and upon investigation her damages were found to be so extensive that she was sold to a corporation known as "The Golden Tea Company." It was composed of five British tea houses and it had four coasting vessels in its trade. This steamer was wanted to establish a line to the Loo-Kioo Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, but more particularly to the island of Kiu Siu, where the company intended to establish a branch headquarters.

The Fairfax was a side-wheeler of about 600 tons burden, and noted as being very fast. She was changed about a great deal in making repairs, and when I went abroad of her as a wheelsman I found several things to excite my curiosity. The cabin had been done away with, and in its place was an officers' messroom aft and a comfortable dining room for the men forward. The space between was used for berths and storage. I noticed that a great deal of the interior wood work was covered with heavy sheet iron, which had been painted to resemble wood. The doors were very heavy, and were further protected by metal. The engine room was entirely enclosed, and when I came to the wheelhouse I was surprised to find it so arranged that iron shutters hung on the inside could be closed to make a little fortress of the place. Two rifles and a pair of revolvers comprised the armament. When I came to ask questions of the mate he informed me that we were going among a lawless and desperate lot, and were

PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

In addition to what I had seen he showed me a six pound field piece on the promenade deck and a score or more of rifles in a room set apart for an armory.

The steamer made her first and second trips without adventure. The crew in each instance was composed almost entirely of white men—English, American, German, and French sailors, who had been picked up in Shanghai. The cook, steward, and stokers were natives, and on each trip we carried quite a number of native passengers. On the third trip about one-half of the white crew had to be replaced by natives, and when we left Shanghai we had sixty native passengers. I remarked on the singular fact that all were men, and the mate explained matters by saying it was a religious body on their way to a famous temple situated on the island we were bound for. They looked to me like a crafty, villainous lot, and my fellow wheelsman, who was an American named White, predicted that we should have trouble with them before the voyage was over. We had scarcely left port before we saw to it that all our weapons were loaded, and we got "the hang" of the iron blinds so that we could shut them quickly. One of us would certainly be in the wheelhouse, no matter at what hour trouble might come.

As the steamer only had a small load of freight, and that was all in the hold, the party of natives were quartered on the lower deck. The weather was very mild and they did not need covering. The distance from Shanghai to Kiu-Siu is about two hundred and fifty miles. As we left port at 6 o'clock in the morning, and averaged twelve miles per hour until four the next morning, we were pretty fairly across the big bay or straits created right there by the lay of the coast and the location of the islands. I came on watch at 4 o'clock. It was then fairly daylight and the sea was smooth and everything very quiet. My chum gave me the course, reported that there was nothing new, and went off to turn in. He had scarcely disappeared when I rose two junks dead ahead, and five minutes later the lookout on the bows reported them to Mr. Graham, the first mate. It could not have been more than two minutes after this when I heard a

SHRILL CRY OF "MURDER!"

followed by two pistol shots and a rush of feet, and I realized that trouble was at hand. I rang the bell for the engineer to stop and then shut and secured my blinds, and I was not a moment too soon. The wheels had scarcely ceased to revolve, when I heard the patter of feet outside, followed by exclamations of anger and disappointment. Then I used the speaking tube to warn the engineer, and he speedily informed me that he had made himself a close prisoner.

My iron shutters were provided with port-holes, and when I looked down upon her bow deck I saw the dead bodies of the mate and lookout lying there and covered with blood from numerous knife wounds. None of the natives were in sight, but directly a fierce yell arose from the lower deck, followed by pistol shots, and I knew that the saffron-faced wretches were murdering the white men as fast as they could get to them. They left me alone for about a quarter of an hour. Then about half a dozen of them came up and demanded my surrender. From their dialect I knew them to be Coreans. They called to me in that language, saying they had full possession of the steamer, had killed all but two of the crew, and that my life would be spared if I promised to do as they directed. I communicated with the engineer, found that he was all right, and he added that the Captain and some of the crew were in the armory and prepared to hold out to the last. I then informed the pirates that I could not think of surrender, and as they began battering at the door with a capstan bar I shoved the muzzle of a revolver out and killed one and wounded another before they could get out of range.

There was only a gentle breeze blowing, and that was at our backs. The two junks were coming down slowly, having to make frequent tacks, and when about a mile and a half away I saw that they were loaded with men. It was a put-up job between the two parties, and all the details were thoroughly understood. The engineer had been blowing off steam to prevent an explosion, and I asked him to hold fast and give me a show to carry out a plan which had suddenly suggested itself. Fortunately for us the native stokers had just fired up before they got the signal. They had murdered the chief, who was an Englishman, as also the oiler, who was a German, and had left the furnace doors shut as they

RUSHED UP ON DECK

to join in the murderous melee. The boilers were therefore making steam at a lively rate. As soon as the engineer understood what I wanted he started ahead, and I took the wheel and brought the steamer's head in line with one of the junks, headed about north. One of the junks was headed southeast on her tack, the other southwest. They were, therefore, nearly broadside on to me. We went ahead at moderate speed, as I did not want to alarm them. The natives on board gathered in the bows and began waving cloths and hats as a warning to the junks. The people on the latter must have argued that the steamer was in the hands of their friends, for they fired their jingals and waved their cloths in reply.

I held for the junk headed to the southeast, and she at once lowered her sail to wait for the steamer to come up. When within a quarter of a mile of her I rang the bell for the engineer to go ahead at full speed, and the steamer started ahead like a wild locomotive. We were almost upon the junk before the people divined our object, and they had only time to utter one long drawn shout of terror. I held the steamer for her broadside, and she divided that junk like the two halves of an apple falling away from a knife. I expected a great shock but there was none. It was no more than if we had run down a yawl. I believe she held at least fifty men. A great cry went up as we passed, and when I had headed the steamer around not more than half a dozen of the poor wretches were in sight, and those were clinging to fragments of the wreck and tossing about. I gave the engineer information of how we had succeeded and told him I proposed to serve the other junk the same way. The natives aboard the steamer seemed helpless and terror-stricken at first, but when they realized my plan they moved to prevent it. They ran down and opened the furnace doors to lower the steam, and a gang of six or eight attacked the wheelhouse. A second party made an attack on the engineer's room at the same moment.

The second junk, seeing the fate of the first, had gone about, and was standing due north with all sail set. The wind was light however, and we could run five feet to her one. We had a large reserve of steam, and after I had her nose pointed for the junk I gave the gang outside a little attention. They were banging at the door and the shutters with the capstan bars, and I wounded two of them before they would desist. The engineer, also using a revolver, killed one and wounded two. The fellows then drew off, beaten at every turn and disgusted with the job, and now I was close up with the junk. She also held about fifty

DESPERATE LOOKING FELLOWS.

Aware of my intentions, about twenty of them who were armed with muskets gathered aft and peppered away at the pilot house, but the few bullets which hit it fell harmless. When the bow of the steamer was within a cable length of the stern of the junk every native began to howl and wail, and most of them threw themselves prostrate on the decks. White cloths were held up in token of surrender, but in answer I rang the bell for the engineer to pull her wide open. He did so, and we seemed to lift right out of the water and be flung at the doomed craft like a missile. The steamer struck her square in the stern, crashed into her for ten or twelve feet, and then the junk fell apart, and became a heap of wreckage which was cast aside from either bow. I ran on for a quarter of a mile and then turned. Not a living man was to be seen in this last disaster. I ran over to the other heap of wreckage and saw two men still hanging on, but the sharks pulled them under just as I rang to stop our way. The steam was about exhausted anyhow, and the time had come for a move against the pirates on board.

Believing they were badly frightened, I reloaded the revolvers and stepped out on the deck with one in either hand. The only man in sight was the leader of the band, who stood on the bows looking up at me as I stepped out he said:

"Don't shoot me! We meant you no harm! We have thrown away our weapons!"

I went down to find them cowering in the passageways, every man's pluck completely gone. The Captain and second mate were in the armory. I let them out and

THEN FREED THE ENGINEER.

The four of us were the only white men left alive. We collected the prisoners in the mess room, held a short consultation, and then proceeded to act. While I remained among them to check any new ambition, the Captain took his station at the forward port gangway. The engineer then led the pirates out to the Captain one by one, and the latter put a bullet through each man's head and pitched him forward into the sea. It was retribution with a vengeance, and certain writers, who were a thousand miles from the scene and underwent none of its perils, have termed it "the massacre of the prisoners." I went out with the last one. Like all others who had preceded him, he went humbly to his death, not uttering a protest. When he had been disposed of we turned to and prepared the bodies of our dead for burial, cleaned the decks, and, by two of us acting as stokers, we worked the steamer up to Kiu-Siu.

For a few weeks the natives kept wonderfully quiet about the adventure, but it then leaked out that about 130 lives had been lost in the attempt to capture us. Had they got possession of the steamer it was their intention to run her up to the head of the Yellow Sea, and make use of her in their piratical excursions from the coast of Formosa. As none of them understood how to navigate the "wingless devil," as they called her, it is likely that she would have been blown up within an hour or two after they got charge. She was in the trade and on the same line for the next five years, and every native craft would turn tail at the sight of her five miles away.

OLD NAPLES CRUMBLING AWAY.

Many of its Ancient Structures Undermined by the Recent Floods.

The term inundation does not correctly express the effect of the two violent storms of rain which burst over Naples on Sept. 25 and on the 19th inst. It is not possible for Naples to be inundated in the common sense of that word, for no water can lie in any part of the city. But the defective water-courses which carry off the water from the hills which surround the town, and the fact that on a large tract of land on the summit of the Vomero at the west end, an entirely new quarter has sprung up, the drainage of which is as yet incomplete, have caused a real torrent of water to burst many of the drains on that side of the city. A veritable river of water

RUSHED DOWN THE HILL,

heavy with earth and stones, after each of the two storms, and on its way destroyed gardens, threw down walls, filled cellars and ground floor dwellings, and covered the Riviera di Chiaia with a sort of alluvial deposit two or three feet deep. It is in this quarter that Sig. Crispi's house is situated, and it was on both occasions seriously damaged.

After the first storm a water course was made for the water from the Vomero, so that it might not follow the disastrous course it took in September. But it did still greater damage, as no precaution had been taken for carrying off the water, and the consequence was that it carried away about a hundred yards of the beautiful Via Tasso, a road which winds along the side of the Vomero higher up and parallel to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. The road was destroyed from side to side, leaving the foundations of a palace on its edge exposed, so that it threatened to fall. The debris were precipitated by the rushing water, which was as yellow as the Tiber, on to the gardens below; they blocked the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; they burst a portion of the causeway and destroyed the wall of Prince Amedeo's palace on their way through Sig. Crispi's house to the sea. At the same time the newly-built buttress which supports the tottering rocks at Posillipo was damaged, and there also cellars were filled with water and all traffic was stopped, while at innumerable points in the city drains fell in and homes were inundated. There were not sufficient "pompieri, muncipal guards, or military sappers and miners to respond to the calls for help.

But these storms, though they served to show how badly the city is protected from the effects of heavy rain, are not the most destructive agents at work. Scarcely a day passes without some outwardly seeming solid house falling in, and the aspect of the city, with some hundreds of large "palaces" propped with beams or buttressed with stone is hardly reassuring. While a new Naples is gradually being built the old Naples is crumbling away, and in many streets the people are half panic stricken. A Commission has been appointed by the Syndic to examine the

STATE OF THE CITY

and it has already presented a report, embodying a scheme of reconstruction and repair. Work is to be begun immediately. There is no doubt that the defective pipes of the new water works, together with the fact that the taps in the houses are carelessly allowed to run all day into drains not fit to hold the water, which consequently percolates and undermines the foundation, and the neglect of the old water cisterns, and probably also an imperceptible but constant vibration of volcanic soil, all contribute to the rapidly increasing crumbling of houses which has been observable since the year 1884, when the new water works were inaugurated. But all the damage done owing to these causes and accelerated by the late heavy rains certainly might have been prevented by forethought and honest work, but those are two things difficult to be met with in that land of "far niente."

The fever hospital at Rochester (Eng.) was burned last week, but all the inmates were rescued.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Pedlar's Startling Experience at a Backwoods Tavern in the Early Days of Ontario.

In all my travels, over thousands of miles of country, I was never really terrified but once; and then I confess I had a fright which I did not recover from for weeks, and which I still never recall without a secret shudder. My life might be said to have hung on a bare thread; and nothing but heaven's kind providence, interposed in a most miraculous manner, saved me from the awful doom.

In the regular pursuit of my vocation, I was travelling through Western Canada, when, towards evening of one hot, sultry, summer day, I found myself passing through a long stretch of swampy woodland, along what might much better have been denominated a horse-path than a road. I had taken a rather obscure by-way, in the hopes, if I found few customers, to find those who would pay well; but I had made a serious mistake, in that I had discovered none at all. In a walk of eight tedious miles, I had seen only three dwellings, and these miserable shanties, one of which was unoccupied, and the other two with ragged families who had no money for trade. At the last house, I inquired the distance to the next, and I was informed that four miles further on I would come to a main road, where there was an inn for travellers; and towards this I was now making my way, with the intention of putting up there for the night.

I came in sight of the road and the inn just as the sun was setting behind a drift of clouds, that seemed to betoken the gathering of a storm. Tired and hungry as I was, with night setting in upon me in such a lonely country, I was very glad to come in sight of a place of rest, and went forward in comparatively good spirits.

The inn was a brown stone building, two stories in height, and quite respectable looking for that region of country. As I came up to it, however, I fancied it had a certain air of gloom, which had a rather depressing effect upon my spirits; but then this, I thought, might be caused by the absence of sparkling lights and bustle, and seeing it at the hour of twilight. No one met me at the door; nor did I perceive a human being in or about it till I had entered the unlighted bar room, where a man, who was sitting in a corner, rose and came forward, with a slight nod of salutation.

"Are you the landlord?" I inquired.

"I am," was the answer.

"I suppose I can put up with you for the night?" I said.

"Certainly," he answered, glancing at my trunks. "Shall I take care of them for you?"

"I will merely set them behind your bar till I retire for the night, and then I will take them to my room. I suppose you can give me a single apartment to myself."

"Oh, yes, easy enough—my house is large, and will not be crowded to-night."

"Have you any other guests?" I inquired, feeling, from some cause for which I could not account, strangely ill at ease.

"There is no one here yet." he replied; "and it is getting rather late for the drovers, who often stop with me."

It was a relief to think that drovers were in the habit of putting up at the house, for that implied a certain degree of honesty in the landlord, and a consequent security for lonely travellers; and I really needed this reflection to counterbalance a strange sense of something wrong, if not absolutely wicked and dangerous.

I informed the host that I was very tired and hungry, and wished a good supper and a good bed, and he assured me that I should be provided with the best he had. He went out of the room, as he said, to give the necessary directions and get a light. He was gone some ten minutes, and returned with a candle in his hand, which he placed on the bar. I had taken a seat during his absence, and, being a little back in the shade, I now had a chance to scrutinize his features closely without being perceived in the act.

I did not like the appearance of his countenance. His face was long and angular, with black eyes and bushy brows, and the whole expression was cold, forbidding, and sinister.

He remarked that the night was very warm and sultry, and that it was likely to be showery, and then inquired if I had come far that day, and which direction? I informed him of my tedious walk over the by-road, and unguardedly added that I did not think my day's experience would induce me to travel through that region again in a hurry. He asked me where I was from, if I had seen many persons that day, if I was an entire stranger in that part of the country, and so forth, and so on—to all of which I gave correct answers.

Thus we conversed till a little bell announced supper, when he ushered me into a good-sized dining room, and did the honours of the table, trying to make himself very agreeable. That there was somebody else in the house I had good reason to believe—for I heard steps and the rattling of dishes in an adjoining room—but the landlord himself was the only person I saw during the evening, if I except a glance at a disappearing female dress as he was in the act of lighting me to my room.

My bedroom was small, but looked clean and neat, and contained an inviting bed, curtains of chintz at the single window, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, a wash stand, a couple of chairs, and was really quite as well furnished as many an apartment in hotels of far greater pretension. With all this I was pleased, of course; and judging by the appearance that there was nothing wrong about an inn so properly conducted, I bolted my door, raised the window for a little fresh air, looked out and discovered the night was intensely dark, undressed, blew out my light, jumped into bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened by a crash of thunder, that was rolling over and shaking the house to its foundation at the moment my senses returned to me; and being rather timid about lightning, and remembering to have heard that the electric fluid would follow a current of air, and also recollecting that I had left my window open, I sprang up hastily to close it. As I did so, my head barely touched some soft substance, just above me; but the fact produced no impression upon my excited mind at the moment. I reached the window, and for an instant stood and looked out to get a view of the approaching storm; but, as before, I could not see anything at all—all was as black as the darkness of a pit—and, as before, too, the air was perfectly still—so much so, that I fancied I felt a stifling sensation. I was the more surprised at this that I thought I heard the roar of the wind, and the falling of rain; and certainly there was another clap of thunder, whose preceding flash of lightning I had not perceived.

Awed by the mystery, I hastily let down the sash, and returned to the bed in a state of some trepidation; but, as I put out my hand to feel my way in, it came in contact with a mattress nearly as high as my neck from the floor. Now really terrified by a sense of some unknown danger, and half believing that the room was haunted, I clutched the mattress convulsively, and felt over and under it, and found it was separate from the bed on which I had been sleeping, and was slowly descending!

Gracious heaven! how shall I attempt to describe that moment of horror, when I first got a comprehension of the whole diabolical plot! a plot to murder me in my sleep! I was walled up in a room prepared with machinery for the express purpose of murdering the unsuspecting traveller, and had been saved from the awful fate by the report of heaven's thunder. The window of course was only a blind to deceive, placed inside of a blank wall, which accounted for my seeing nothing from it and getting no current of air when the sash was raised; and the mattress I had laid hold of was arranged to be lowered by pulleys, and held down by weights upon the sleeping traveller till life should be smothered out of him. All this I comprehended by a sudden flash of thought and as I stood trembling and almost paralyzed, there came a quick rattling as of cords and pulleys, and the upper bed dropped down with a force that denoted the heavy weights placed upon it.

But though left out from under it—alive, as it were, by a miracle—what was I now to do to preserve my life? As yet, all was dark, and no one appeared; but I now heard voices speaking in low, hushed tones, and knew that soon the truth would be discovered, and in all probability my life attempted in some other way. What was I to do? how defend myself from the midnight murderers? I had no weapon but an ordinary clasp-knife, and what would this avail against two or more? Still, I was determined not to yield my life tamely; and as in all probability every avenue of escape was barred against me, I resolved to crawl under the bed and take my chance there. Mechanically, while considering, I had felt for my clothes and drawn on my pantaloons; and now cautiously trying the door, and finding it, as I had expected, fastened on the outside, I stealthily glided under the bed, and placed myself far back, close against the wall. I had barely gained this position, when a light shone into the room from above; and looking up between the bed and the wall, I saw an opening in the ceiling, about five feet by eight, through which I suppose the upper mattress had descended; and, standing on the edge of this opening, looking down, was the landlord of the inn, and beside him a tall, thin, sinister virago, who looked wicked enough to be his wife, as undoubtedly she was.

"All right, Meg," he said, at length: "he is quiet enough now; and if not, I can soon finish him;"—and with this he took the candle from her hand, and leaped down upon the bed, and then sprang off upon the floor. "Now hoist away," he continued, "and let us go through with this job as quick as possible."

Again I heard the noise of ropes and pulleys, and knew the upper bed was being raised, which in another moment would disclose to the human monster the fact that my dead body was not under it. What then? Merciful heaven! it must be a struggle of life and death between him and me!—and I was already nerving myself for the dreadful encounter, when I experienced a kind of transitory sensation of a crash and a shock.

The next thing I remember, was finding myself exposed to the fury of the tempest—the wind howling past me, the rain beating upon me, the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring. I was still in my room, but it was all open on one side of me, and it took my bewildered sense some time to comprehend the awful fate of heaven's peculiar providence.

The lightning had struck the portion of building I was in, and had thus given me life and freedom!

As soon as I fairly comprehended this, I leapt to the ground outside, escaping injury, and ran for my life. I took the main road, and ran on through the storm, as if pursued by a thousand fiends, as I sometimes fancied I was. I ran thus till daylight, when I met a stage-coach full of passengers, hailed the driver, and told him my wonderful story. He thought me mad, but persuaded me to mount his box and go back with him. On arriving at the inn, he found a confirmation of my fearful tale.

The house had not only been struck, but, strange to relate, both the landlord and his wife had been killed by the bolt of heaven, and were found dead among the ruins!

I subsequently had to appear before a magistrate, acting as coroner, and depose to the facts, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance therewith.

I got away from that fearful region as soon as I could; but to this day I have never fully recovered from the effects of that night of horror at the inn!

At a meeting in Madrid Senor Margall predicted the speedy Americanization of all European monarchies.

Of 1549 marriages in Prussia last year between blood relations 1422 were between cousins, 110 between uncles and nieces and 16 between aunts and nephews.

English serge is the popular dress material Red morocco slippers are very chic for house wear. Ladies' suede slippers and ties are shown in black, tan, grey, and other colours, stitched across the vamp with several rows of the narrowest ribbon. Black satin shoes, with the ties embroidered with silver or gold, are most fashionable with black evening dresses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Nearsightedness is overrunning the French people as much as the Germans. Among the senior boys in the different French colleges more than 46 per cent. are nearsighted.

In a little town of Schleswig-Holstein there is a tax exemption for dogs "that sleep with their masters and mistresses and so preserve them from gout, rheumatism and like pains."

The consumption of horse flesh in Berlin is increasing. Last month the Berliners ate 816 horses against 610 in same month of 1888 For various reasons, however, the working people in the Prussian capital do not eat so much horse as the poorer classes of other German cities. Konigsberg, for instance, with about the same population as Rochester, consumed 340 horses last month.

French animosity against the Germans bubbled up vigorously at the recent election of a successor to the late Baron de Witte, of the Foreign Associate of the Institute. Prof. Momsen, the historian of Rome, and Prof. Curtius, the historian of Greece, both Berliners, were the competing candidates. Both were pretty searchingly discussed, from an essentially French standpoint, and at last Curtius was elected.

Three hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and sixty-six persons are now under sentence in the German empire for offences against the law. Sixty one thousand eight hundred and six of these offended against State, religion, and the public peace; 134,670 against the person, 152,652 against property, 552 were sentenced for "insulting majesty," 482 for arson, 475 for bribery, 258 for offences against the anti Socialist law, and 969 for adulterating food.

A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The latter failed, and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of the failure of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed, and was accepted, and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

The power of one of the greatest political figures of the day, perhaps of all time, is said to be on the wane. The Empress Dowager of China has been shorn of her prestige by the rebellious independence of the young Emperor. He refused to see the bride which she forced upon him, and has been issuing vigorous decrees on his own account. He has been cashiering the old Minister right and left, particularly Chang Chi Tung.

The Boston port bill, a law passed by England to close the port of Boston, went into effect June 1, 1774. The day was observed in Hartford, Conn., as a day of public mourning. The town house was hung with black, a copy of the bill was posted on it, and bells were tolled all day. Even so far off as Virginia the house of burgesses attended a solemn religious service on the occasion, and heard a patriotic sermon from the chaplain.

The two colonies formed by colonists who came out under Gov. John Winthrop, the Plymouth and Massachusetts bay, were for many years independent of one another; but the Plymouth colony, though the older of the two, grew far more slowly than the other, and was at last united with it in 1692 under the name of Massachusetts, the name being taken from one of the tribes of Indians inhabiting the soil. The meaning of the word is said to be "Blue Hills."

HEALTH

Sick Persons.

A sick person should be bathed every day, unless for some special reason the doctor forbids it. The skin cannot properly perform its function of carrying off the waste matter from the body unless its pores are kept open. In fever, sponging with cold water is one of the recognized means of lowering the temperature. It is therefore important to know how to give a bath to a person in bed as easily, speedily, and effectually as possible. Before beginning, everything that will be required should be collected at the side of the bed. Two blankets are needed, two towels, a basin of water (if the bath is to be a warm one, a pitcher of hot water to replenish the basin), and a sponge. If the bath is given every day, soap is unnecessary; when it is used, a cloth should be substituted for the sponge, as soap spoils the latter. If the night dress and sheet are to be changed, the fresh ones should be put to air, and warm at the fire. This precaution should never be neglected, as damp linen might give a fatal chill.

Double the blankets end to end, move the patient to one side of the bed, push the bed-clothes towards him, keeping him covered, and, on the cleared space, lay the folded blanket, draw the bed coverings over it, and under their shelter move the patient on it. Lay the second folded blanket over the spread, and draw all the bed-clothes from beneath it, leaving the patient covered with it alone. Remove the night-dress, squeeze the sponge so that it will not drip, and bathe the face, neck and ears, wiping them carefully afterwards. Pass the hand holding the sponge under the blanket, and wash the arms, drying each as soon as done; then bathe the body, and wipe it dry; turn the patient on the side, and bathe the back, then the legs to the knees; turn again on the back, and finish the legs and feet. The points to be remembered are not to expose the patient to cold by letting the blanket slip aside, not to wet too large a surface at once, and to wipe thoroughly dry. Replace the night dress and bed clothes, draw out the upper blanket, move the patient off the lower blanket, and pull it out. Hang both the blankets to dry. They will be damp, but not wet, if the bath has been properly given.

Why Run Up-Stairs.

We do not run in the street, nor in the park or garden; why then run up-stairs, and then complain that the stairs are so high? It is difficult to answer this question; nevertheless, Canadian people generally do run up-stairs, while foreigners are well satisfied with walking up. Servants frequently complain of the height of the stairs, and leave their places in consequence. Houses of six and eight storeys are now being built here, as they are in other countries. Now, there is really but little more difficulty in ascending several flights of stairs more than there is in walking a straight line, provided we take sufficient time to do it; which should be about twice as long as should be in walking the same distance in the street. Walk up-stairs slowly; rest at each landing; again walk steadily; and you will reach the top flight without exhaustion or fatigue.

Rules for Health.

A Scotch philosopher says that if you wish to preserve your health never eat anything but oatmeal. Wear the thickest boots. Walk fifteen miles regularly every day. Avoid all excitement; consequently, it is best to remain single, for then you will be free from all household cares and matrimonial troubles and you will have no children to worry you. The same rule applies to smoking, taking snuff, playing at cards, and arguing with any one. They are all strong excitements, which must be rigidly avoided, if you value in the least your health. By attending carefully to the above rules, there is every probability that you may live to a hundred years, and that you will enjoy your hundredth year fully as much as you did your twenty-first. Our Scotch friend is trying an experiment, and in forty years' time will be able to announce the final result.

Disordered Perspiration.

Nature has expended much labor on the perspiratory system—has constructed for each of us many miles of tubing and millions of secreting glands, each furnished with its tiny blood-vessel regulated by its microscopic nerve.

Not only does this system perform an essential service in keeping the bodily temperature down to the normal point of safety, ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, by the evaporation of the perspired fluid but it is also an organ of elimination like the kidneys and the lungs.

An adult excretes a full pound of sweat daily and this may be increased to three or four pounds. From this fact may be understood both the danger of suddenly checking the outflow of the poisonous material, and the advantage, when one has taken cold, of the Russian bath. The quantity and character of the fluid render a frequent change of clothing a matter of no small importance.

Some diseases, as acute rheumatism, phthisis, general debility, are accompanied by excessive perspiration, which is also sometimes purposely induced by the use of certain drugs called diaphoretics. As we are all aware, the amount of perspiration is abnormal in hot weather. The heat of a muggy day is aggravated and made more oppressive by the slow evaporation from the surface of the body. The atmosphere is too fully charged with moisture to vaporize the sweat.

Excessive sweating is sometimes partial, being limited to the soles, palms, or to one-half of the face, head or body, and that, too, without any discoverable cause. The touching of one side of the tongue with salt will sometimes cause a profuse perspiration upon the corresponding side of the body.

Perspiration may also be deficient. This is generally the case in diseases of the kidneys, in the early stages of fever, and in certain skin diseases. When the sebaceous or oil secretion is deficient, there is apt to be a like deficiency in the perspiration, rendering the skin dry and rough.

Perspiration may have an offensive odor, specially that which is secreted by arm-pits, feet and toes. The sweat and the sebaceous secretion undergo a chemical change into the fatty acids, some of which are like those found in rancid butter. This condition is sometimes due to lowered vitality of the system. The affected parts shoud be repeatedly washed with tar soap, and the linen frequently changed. The soles of the stockings should be daily disinfected with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Cork soles should be worn in the shoes, and be similarly disinfected.

A Thieving Elephant.

While a circus was preparing to leave Accrington, England, on Monday morning, one of the elephants got away from the confines of the circus and burst open the door of a warehouse of a neighboring co operative store, and when an Accrington policeman entered he found the truant indulging in biscuits and jam. A basket of onions stood in the elephant's way, but as these were not to his taste he hurled them into the road. The officer did not attempt to seize the animal, thinking it more prudent to obtain the assistance of its keeper.

The same elephant, on Thursday following, was discovered in another burglary at Chorley. While the circus paraphernalia was being loaded up he slipped away in the darkness and forced open a locked-up grocer's shop in the High street. Here he demolished a whole cheese, two boxes of biscuits and other groceries, and altogether did $50 worth of damage.

Contrary to what might naturally be expected under the circumstances the admission of ladies to the University of New Brunswick is resulting in a gradual diminution of the male students. It is consequently feared that the institution will soon become a High school for girls. It can only be said that the New Brunswick youth is wanting in gallantry or the New Brunswick beauty must be wanting in charms.

PARDONED AT LAST.

A THRILLING CHRISTMAS STORY, BY "JACK FROST.

ACT THE FOURTH.—(CONTINUED)

Rising he approached a bell to summon assistance, but the duke waved him back, saying hoarsely:

"Be seated; if you were worth it I would challenge you and shoot you like a dog for your insults."

"Murder may be in your line," was the biting retort. "I am content to fight you with ordinary weapons, those the law provide; remember your whole life will be probed, your every secret laid bare; be warned before it is too late!"

"Why does not he face me?" he almost hissed.

"Not because he lacks courage, duke. A man who could live in Siberian captivity for seventeen years, and suffer, though innocent, is no coward. He is in my hands—if to-morrow he met you, 'twould be your life or his."

"This is intimidation!"

"Place any construction you like on my words. Will you accede to my demand?"

"No, a thousand times no. I hate him still, the base born hound; he dared to think his ignoble blood good enough to mix with that of my house. Curse him!" and the speaker foamed at the mouth, so intense was his wrath.

At last he had met a foeman worthy of his steel, a man who could give him thrust for thrust, and strike home.

"Tis a matter of justice, not ancestry, duke. I think, if you trace back his ancestry, you will find it as noble as yours. The first Duke of Brittany married a farmer's daughter, one of the bourgeoisie."

If a look could have stricken the bold notary dead, such would have been his doom at that moment.

"Has no member of your ducal house ever committed that unpardonable crime of mesalliance?" Pierre Verlon continued.

"You, my noble duke, can best answer that question."

"Fiend, you go too far," he said, hoarsely.

"I will go even further in a court of justice. Do you think I am ignorant of your antecedents? I know all—your secret marriage to an English woman, your intrigues. You would do well not to defy me."

"Go, lest I be tempted to do you a mischief. Go!"

"When I come into a wolf's den, I carry arms," was the quiet retort. "I go, but when I think of it, you will receive a citation to appear before the courts. Adieu monseigneur, and permit me to subscribe myself your very obedient, humble, servant," he said, as he bowed cynically and left the presence of the man he had tortured.

"Am I fallen so low as to be thus insulted in my own mansion?" gasped the infuriated man. "He shall smart for this—he little knows whom he is defying!"

Sounding a silver bell, he said to the servant who answered its summons:

"Send Dupont to me instantly!"

Whilst waiting his coming, the duke paced the apartment with a quick, panther like strike, as if he were preparing to make a spring.

"I care not for the law. He dared to ally himself to my family, one of the most ancient in France, by stealth! Are princes nothing? must they be judged like the common herd? He has felt my talons already, next time they shall pierce his skulking heart," he muttered, angrily.

"This notary is the most dangerous of the two, and might be silenced. Her child is living; well, she shall be abducted, her plebeian father will be stabbed in his very heart's affections through her."

The workings of his face were something terrible—concentrated hate, malice, revenge, all converged there. Charles, Duke of Brittany, evidently inherited all the bitter black blood that flowed in the veins of his ancestors.

The look of Satanic hate thereon depicted was enhanced by the V-shaped mark—each mole stood out distinct, as if embossed, of a blood-red colour, and the veins of his neck swelled till they looked like veiled whipcord.

His dark piercing eyes glowed and scintillated like those of a venomous serpent, and his stiff, iron-grey hair seemed to bristle like the spines of a wild boar when preparing for a deadly rush.

Pride and greed made him the man he was, or rather transformed him from a man into a fiend. 'Twas no wonder that Myrtle's father feared as well as hated him mortally, more on account of her sake than his own.

Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if the notary had not braved this wolf in his own lair, for in doing so he had goaded him to desperation.

'Twas hard after twenty years of assured victory, to learn that his victim had escaped from the meshes of the deadly net he had thrown about him, and was free to attack him in return—that there was some one living too, who could, and meant to, claim his sister's colossal fortune.

It must be a death struggle now, a final battle meaning annihilation to one of the foemen.

The Duke had shown no mercy to his sister, the offspring of the same mother, who had shared his childhood's sports, and had been ever gentle and loving to him.

Was it likely, now that years had hardened his heart, he would relent and spare Myrtle?

"Dupont, why have you delayed attending my summons?" the duke asked fiercely, glad to find someone on whom to vent his rage.

"A messenger has just arrived from England, your grace," said the man quietly; these exhibitions of temper on the part of his master were of too frequent occurrence to upset hi equanimity.

"Well, another Will-o-the-Wisp affair, I suppose?" was the acrimonious retort.

"No your grace, she was traced to Rocky Head, a village on the English coast, and from thence to London—here is a photograph of a girl—it resembles her closely," said Dupont, handing it to him.

"The likeness is a marvellous one, certainly," muttered the duke, eyeing Myrtle's sun-picture, critically, and rapidly regaining composure, now that this news told him the time for action had arrived. "Whose child is she?"

"She was brought up by a fisherman and his wife at first; but two years ago she was claimed by her father, your grace."

"And he is?"

"That Jacques Rouge could not discover," said Dupont, with a sigh; "the fisherman had left the place, and was traced to London, but on going to Chelsea, Jacques found him gone, no one knew whither."

"I leave for England to night, Dupont."

The man bowed with deep respect; these hurried journeys caused him no surprise.

"You will not accompany me, nor do I need Jacques at present. You will both be better employed in looking after this fellow, one Pierre Verlon, a notary—this is his card."

"You want information, your grace?"

"More! I must have his private papers, and if this Pierre Verlon was to be suddenly missed, I would be pleased. Spare no money in accomplishing this object, Dupont. I have few secrets from you. My sister's husband has escaped from Siberia, and is in England."

"This is sad, your grace; they may meet."

"Yes, if I delay much longer it may be too late. This photograph will be of great service to me. Remember the notary—this time there must be no bungling. Each blow that I strike must go straight home."

"Consider the notary removed from your grace's path—but, oh, my dear master, don't be offended if I speak a word of warning. You are going to England to meet that man; beware of his vengeance. Remember what he said after he was condemned—he would live to be revenged," the old man pleaded earnestly with tears in his eyes.

"Tush! I do not fear him, Dupont: age is unnerving you," said his master, contemptuously.

"I have grown grey in the service of your grace's family, have nursed you, watched you grow up, and now you tell me to remain behind when danger threatens you. As we grow old and we get near the confines of the other world as I am, Heaven vouchsafes us warnings denied to younger people. I am troubled about your grace;—give up this journey, or let me go with you, to watch you, to guard you."

And going on his knees, the old man seized his hands supplicatingly.

"Rise, Dupont; it would take more than a dream to bar my purposes. He sent that notary to threaten me; the witnesses in his trial are ready to swear I bribed them; his innocence will be established on the foundation of my disgrace. Marie's fortune will be wrested from me, and the worst construction put on my conduct: it will be said I placed her in a convent because I coveted her money and gave out a report of her death. I am going into the enemy's camp to strike a blow for dear life's sake."

"Would that you had a son to aid you, some one to guard the honour and safety of the house of Brittany," the old man said, with a grievous sigh.

"I have a son, my faithful old friend; 'tis for him I have been fighting all these years," the duke said, exultingly—"a noble youth whom I love dearer than life."

"Thank Heaven!" was fervently ejaculated: "my old eyes will close in peace now."

"You shall see him, Dupont; I will bring him back with me when I have crushed this canaille. I hated my sister's paramour (I shall never acknowledge the sacred tie between them openly) from the first, and now I feel that the same earth cannot contain us both. Marie will find that I can be implacable; her escape only makes me the more bitter against him."

"Have patience with me, master," pleaded the old man; "this family feud could be healed. May I speak?"

The duke gave a gesture of assent.

"Her child lives—the photograph is a speaking witness to that; you have a son—a marriage. Oh, your Grace, do not be so angry, do not knit your brows; a blood feud is hateful to Heaven! Let the dead past bury its dead in the happiness of the living."

"If I did not esteem you so highly, Dupont, I could be more than angry. No son of mine could ever love their child; he can and will learn to hate—despise her. Now go; let everything be ready for my departure, and remember the notary."

Some little while later, the Duke of Brittany left the shores of France for England to carry on his merciless vendetta.

ACT THE FIFTH.

When Myrtle left Miss Pride, she went straight to her father, who was waiting her return in an agony of apprehension. He had guarded his dangerous secret so well, as he thought, only to find that it was discovered by means he never dreamt of.

He knew, as a man of the world, what that world would think of a returned convict flaunting in peacock's feathers, giving princely entertainments to men and women, who would, when they learnt the truth, resent it as a liberty—a lasting insult.

He would pose as an impostor, not a martyr; and poor Myrtle, who had endured so much in her earliest years, would share his digrace. He had riches, it is true; but what would they avail him if human sympathy were wanting?

It was no wonder that Bertram looked with bitter anguish on the crisis that had overtaken him—a thunderbolt from out a summer sky. Myrtle urged defiance, because she lacked experience. She had not mingled with the world, nor did she know its laws, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, were unalterable. Be found out in anything discreditable, and good-bye to the good opinion of the world, especially fashion's domain; and this he knew all too well.

It is not to be wondered at that while awaiting his daughter's return he should have worked himself up into a state of feverish excitement, which burst forth into one impetuous question on seeing her:

"Well?"

"She wishes to see you. My worst fears are verified, papa; she has entered your study, and knows all."

"Do you think she is mercenary, Myrtle?" he asked brokenly.

"Yes; but ambitious more than all. You must temporise, papa—play with her as you would with a fish: in her cunning she will overreach herself. See her at once, before she has time to plot and scheme. Something tells me that we are on the eve of a crisis which we must surmount or be crushed."

"What have I done to be ever thus persecuted?" he groaned, falling into a chair, and covering his face with his hands. "Merciful Heaven! give me peace—peace!"

"Courage, darling papa!" she cried, uncovering his face and kissing him tenderly while her hand wandered among his hair, already plentifully sprinkled with snow. "I am at your side to console and aid you. They can point at me—call me the convict's daughter—scorn me; but make me ashamed of you, never!"

"I used to dream of you, my pet—my angel child!" he said, softly, a smile chasing away the sorrow which a moment before had been depicted there. "Often in the night, when only the sentry's heavy tread broke the silence, have I lain as in a trance, and you have come and kissed me and smiled, and placed your little hand in mine and called me father; then, for a time, all too brief, I forgot my chains, the lash of a heartless taskmaster, and wept for very joy. Pierre—my friend, my more than brother—used to send me letters about you; and when I knew you lived, and were well and strong, I used to sing in my lonely cell for very joy, while other prisoners wept or blasphemed. You have been my one lodestar, and are now my only joy. Oh, Myrtle! if I lost you I should go and kill myself!"

She let him talk on—this man, her noble father, who had consorted with felons for years—for she judged that it would relieve his overcharged heart, and calm his fevered brow.

She sat on his knee and drew his head down, and with sweet kisses, tender caresses, and loving words, soothed his troubled spirit, and mingled her tears with his. It was a touching picture—one that might have softened even the hardest heart.

He tapped at the door of Becky's sitting-room, and entered when she answered, "Come in."

She gave one swift glance at his face to read therein some augury of her chances of success; but that of a sphinx could not be more impassive than was his.

"You wish to see me, Miss Pride?" he said, quietly, as he seated himself.

"Your daughter broached a subject which I did not care to discuss with her, and concerns you alone," she said, falteringly at first, but gaining firmness as she proceeded.

He merely bowed assentingly; her perfidy had so stung him that he was afraid he might lose all control over his temper if he attempted to argue with her, or tell her that Myrtle was to be implicitly trusted with anything pertaining to his interests.

His silence somewhat disconcerted her. She was at a loss how to allude to her visit to his study—whether to plunge into it at once, or lead up to it gradually.

"Mr. Dane, I owe a duty to myself," she said, half timidly. "My living, my very bread depends upon the respectability (pardon the term) of the family in which I am employed. For instance——"

"Please do not mince matters. I understand. No one would employ you if they know you had been companion to the daughter of an escaped convict—a condemned felon. Is not that what you mean?"

"One cannot—especially in my dependent position—ignore the opinions or laws of society," she observed, glad that he had broken the ice for her; "nor, though you are rich, would you be visited or received into society if the truth were known. Mr. Dane, I may believe you innocent; but you have to convince the world of that, not me."

"In all you have said you are quite right," he assented. "May I ask if anyone first aroused your suspicions about my unhappy position?"

"No one, Mr. Dane. I myself saw there was a mystery from the very first. Your daughter's education had been wofully neglected. I can understand why. You yourself were never visited by even your neighbours; your very opulence was another thing, quite out of keeping with your daughter's untrained deportment and manners, especially when contrasted with your own polished manners. When I found your keys I could not resist the temptation of trying to solve the mystery. I succeeded, and now find that I am companion to the daughter of a convict—a by no means enviable position, you must admit!"

He was forced, so far, to admit the cogency of her aguments, and said, frankly:

"Miss Pride, I owe you a most humble apology. Believe me, I have every reason to hope that I will be able to establish my innocence. Society has no charms for me; 'twas for my daughter's sake alone that I remained in England. How can I compensate you for the unintentional wrong I inflicted upon you?"

"I honour your frankness, which stamps you as a gentleman," she said, with one of her wonted seraphic smiles; "but, still, it is a dangerous secret for me to carry about in my breast. The crime for which you were condemned was a most heinous one—attempted murder or assassination—which, at the time (I remember it well), called upon its perpetrators the just reprobation of the whole civilized world. People would not expect to find one of the would-be assassins mixing in the first set in London."

He winced at these home thrusts, which, however, he could not rebut, and felt very bitter against his enemy for having placed him in such a terrible position.

"I am compelled to bring all this before you, Mr. Dane, in self-defence; for I—and I freely admit it—was guilty of a breach of trust; but you now see my dilemma and why I could not discuss so delicate a matter with Myrtle, a mere child. I am not only her companion, but her chaperon, and through me she has been admitted to the very *creme de la creme* of society. Nothing can compensate me for having been led into the position under what the world would term false pretences."

At this point she burst into tears, which greatly distressed and embarrassed him.

"My dear Miss Pride," he said, gently, is there no way in which I can make amends for the injury you have sustained? I am rich, and anything in reason——"

"If anyone else but you had spoken such words to me, I would have taken them as a deadly insult!" she said, with well-simulated indignation, and drying her tears. "There is no disgrace in earning money—even Royalty does that; but to accept a bribe of that sort would disgrace me for ever in my own eyes and yours. I could share the secret with you in one way, and in one only."

Her bosom heaved and fell fast—her breathing was labored, and her heart pulsated madly, for she had reached a crucial point—a few minutes would suffice either to give her a coveted position or mar her well-planned schemes for ever.

"How?—in what way?" he asked, dazed by her words, of the import of which his mind had a faint conception.

"By becoming your wife!" she answered, quickly. "I admire, respect you, and can best guard your dangerous secret by that position. I would be a mother to Myrtle, and a true friend to you. You stand on the edge of a precipice, and want someone at your side to steady and support you. We could go abroad for a time until the incident of your escape was quite forgotten. Do not despise me for my apparent boldness—my seeming unwomanliness; I am willing, as your wife, to share your secret, and any disgrace attaching thereto."

He could not but feel grateful for her words, which implied a devotion he had no claim upon.

Myrtle had adjudged her mercenary as well as ambitious: that she was not the former she had given him convincing proofs. From first to last she had put herself in the right—he, himself, in the wrong—and had then offered to connect herself with his disgrace by a close, indissoluble tie—that of wifedom!

After all, he might do worse than close with her offer. She was highly educated, refined, and well bred—a woman who would do the honors of his home with credit to him and herself.

"Miss Pride," he said, "I cannot find words to express my gratitude for this convincing mark of your devotion to my interests. My heart is too seared ever again to feel the love of a husband. It was buried in the grave of my young martyr wife. Give me time to think; it would be wrong to accept your offer at once—you might regret it hereafter; besides, I must consult Myrtle."

"Consult a mere child!" she thought, somewhat angrily, but said:

"'Twas affection for her that had something to do with my offer. The Poytons come of a proud stock—one whisper would break off the intended match. I have done my duty; the issue is in your hands."

"You have come out of a trying ordeal nobly, my dear Miss Pride," he said quietly. "Whatever my dicision may prove to be, you will always take a place in my heart as a true friend."

"Consult her? Let him! If she thinks I, upon whose life there has not fallen a single stain, am not good enough to be the wife of her convict-father, then let her look to it, for she will receive scant mercy from me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Art of Milking.

Suburban Resident—"Yes, I want a useful man about my country-place. Can you milk?"

Applicant—"Yes, sor."

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Wull, sor, Oi niver milked but wan cow, an', bedad, a good dale av the toim Oi was on both soids av her, sor."

A Nice Plaything for Children.

Mrs. Bandbox—"You said the train I should take leaves at 10:30, didn't you?"

Ticket Agent—"Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already."

Mrs. Bandbox—"Yes, I know you have; but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."

Not Superstitious Herself.

"So you wouldn't move into your new house yesterday because it was Friday? Fie, fie, Mrs. Baldwin! I thought you were superior to such little superstitions."

"I know it was foolish in me, Mrs. Rambo, but we all have our weaknesses, you know."

"But that's such a ridiculous notion. The idea that there can be anything in the mere—why, Mrs. Baldwin! That's an awful looking wart on your nuckle. Why don't your rub it with a piece of ham rind and then bury the rind under a stone and walk away from it backwards? I've taken off dozens of them that way."

Sympathy.

Captain (to stowaway)—"So, you young rascal, ran away from home, did you? You ought to be thrashed for leaving home, and thrashed again for getting aboard a ship without permission."

Stowaway—"Please, Sir, my sister commenced takin' music lessons an' practicin' scales on the pianer, an' I thought there wouldn't be no pianners on ships——"

Captain—"Come to my arms, my son. I had a musical sister once myself."

The Same Thing.

Jones—"What is Ponsonby's business?"
Smith—"He's a contractor now."
Jones—"What did he used to be?"
Smith—"A corset maker."
Jones—"Well, I don't see much difference."

TO SEARCH FOR BURIED TREASURE.

It is Said to be Worth $30,000,000 and to be on One of the Marianne Islands.

Information has come to light showing that an expedition is being equipped in San Francisco harbor to go in search of the treasures said to be buried on the Marianne Islands. In the year 1823, during the dark days of the terrible revolution in Peru, a number of the wealthiest residents of Lima met the leading fathers of the Church at a monastery to devise a plan whereby some of their wealth might be saved. The brig El Ciudad, lying in the harbor, was bought. During the night and under the guise of merchandise the treasures were hastily conveyed on board. It is said her cargo amounted to over $30,000,000 in coin and melted plate, besides an inestimable amount of jewels.

Unluckily for the owners, Winton Somers, an adventurous Englishman, serving as a Lieutenant in the Peruvian navy, learned of the whole plan through a maid in the service of a wife of a millionaire with whom he was carrying on a little love affair. He soon succeeded in gaining the services of a band of kindred spirits, who were ready for any plan that promised fortune. On the night before the sailing of the vessel they waylaid a party taking the last of the jewels aboard. The bearers were killed, and two of the heaviest caskets turned over to the keeping of the maid, who promised to meet Somers in a foreign land. Boats were manned, the pirates boarded the brig and killed the guards. They threw out the proper signals, which Somers, as an officer in the Peruvian navy, was acquainted with, picked their way among the guarding ships, and struck out boldly into the Pacific. After some discussion, and more disputing, the pirates made for the Marianne Islands and buried the treasure.

A course was then shaped for Honolulu. Before reaching the port, however, the old disputes sprang up about a division of the spoils and the method of disposing of them. The crew quickly divided into two factions. One night one side attempted to exterminate the other. Somers, three officers, and a cabin boy soon found themselves penned in the cabin, the others of their party having been

KILLED AND PITCHED OVERBOARD.

The victors celebrated the event in a wild orgy. The four men in the cabin took advantage of their condition, fought a clear passage to one of the boats, provisioned it, and put off, after first setting fire to the ship. While on the ocean in desperate straits a small cask of whiskey caused a fight between two of the officers. One was killed outright. The other, badly wounded, was soon after sacrificed to save the rapidly diminishing provision.

At Honolulu, Somers, Pedro Ravelo, and the cabin boy represented themselves as the survivors of a shipwreck. Their story touched the sympathy of a merchant, who provided them with passes to San Francisco. Somers's first business was to try to get possession of the jewels left in Lima in charge of his sweetheart, in order to realize on them and fit out an expedition for the Marianne Islands. The three raked and scraped together every cent possible. It was given in charge of Ravelo and the boy, who were to go to Lima and bring back the maid and the jewels. Somers, being afraid to show his face anywhere near the Peruvian line, for obvious reasons, remained in this city. At the same time he proposed to do what he regarded as a neat little stroke of business. The treasure on the islands' was large, but the fewer there were to share it the larger it would be. After the style of the trick practised on Bellerophon, he despatched an epistle by Ravelo and the boy urging the maid to see that the messengers were killed. The messengers reached Lima, delivered their letters and were cordially received by the former love of Somers.

Time and the revolution had changed her lot, however, thanks to the jewels intrusted to her care on the night of Somer's great coup of the Peruvian treasures. She was the wife of a great official. She coolly informed the messengers that she didn't propose to go with them, and that she didn't take any stock in their story relating to the treasures being safely buried and Somers waiting to guide her to them. The messengers threatened her with the exposure of her connection with the piracy. She temporized with them to no purpose. At last she found no escape but to follow the advice of Somers' letter. The two were

WAYLAID BY ASSASSINS

but they made a botch of the business. Ravelo escaped with a scratch, but the boy was mortally wounded. As he lay gasping away his life he confessed the whole story to the authorities. The woman was arrested, tried, and executed.

After suffering untold privations Ravelo escaped from Peru and made his way to Somers. The two survivors now began to devise ways to reach the buried treasure. At last they found Capt. Thompson and told such a good story that he consented to fit out his schooner Swallow and have a try at the heaps of gold and jewels. Somers, however, to protect himself, would not divulge the island which held them, but insisted that the charter for the vessel should include the whole group.

One evening before they reached their destination, Somers and the Peruvian were sitting chatting on the lee rail, and looking over the plat giving the position of the treasures. The explanations were on the margin and all in Spanish. Suddenly the lookout heard a cry. In the wake of the ship he saw a clutching hand disappearing beneath the waves. Somers was gone and Ravelo was clutching the paper and looking overboard. The vessel was brought to, but the body was never recovered. Ravelo declared that Somers had accidentally fallen overboard. The paper, which he still held in his hand, had a portion of the margin containing the explanation torn away and was much crumpled, showing signs of a struggle.

Soon after this Thompson sighted a brig, the Captain of which proved an old friend. He divided the secret with him, and together they sailed for the islands. Ravelo was threatened with being delivered up to his Government unless he guided them to the spot where the treasure was buried. He promised compliance. On arriving at the foot of the island he was asked if that was the one, and he said it was.

Preparations were made for going ashore and digging up the gold and jewels. As Ravelo was stepping into the boat he begged to be allowed to return to the cabin for a little plat of the place he had. The cabin boy, who was in the place at the time, afterward told that he filled his pockets with all the led and iron he could stuff into them. On returning he slid into the boat, lost his grip, and

SHOT BENEATH THE SURFACE.

The coxswain made a grab for his disappearing head and pulled away a tuft of hair. The two Captains went ashore and made a long and vain search for the treasure. They had Somer's plat, but he had gone down grasping a part of it. What descriptions they had were in Spanish and not a man among them was acquainted with that language.

In digging about, some South American coins were found, a ring, a sailor's knife, and a piece of board, into which had been burned the letters El Ci, undoubtedly a portion of the words El Ciudad, the name of the brig in which Somers fled with the treasure. Grumbling among the overworked sailors and a scarcity of provisions compelled the Captains to abandon the search.

In January, 1886, the British schooner Nereid sailed from Yokohama as far as Guan, a small island in the Marianne group, in search of the treasure. The vessel was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have perished in the terrible typhoon that swept that coast shortly afterward. Two expeditions have sailed from Lima, implying a confidence in the confession of the murdered cabin boy. One of them was wrecked on a coral reef, and the other returned unsuccessful. Speculators took up the scheme and worked for some time to have the Government back them in an expedition. For a time it looked as if their object would be attained, but a new administration coming into power ruined their hopes. Thompson is in San Francisco, old and penniless. For a long time he tried to interest capitalists in his story, but without result. Since the report of the fitting out of the expedition has got abroad Thompson has disappeared. Those in his old haunts who are familiar with his habits are confident that he is now being kept in seclusion until the story of the treasures on Marianne Island has been tested.

The Tobacco Plant.

Tobacco is a native of America. According to many accounts, it was first found by the Spaniards in the province of Yucatan, who called it after Tobaco, the name of the country in which it was cultivated. Others, however, assert that they first discovered it in Tobago, which is one of the Caribbee Islands. This last account is generally considered very doubtful. One thing is certain, however, in relation to the origin of the name of this plant, that the aborigines or Indians of the Caribbee Islands had a tube or pipe which they termed "tabaco," and in which they smoked this herb. The Spaniards, on visiting this torrid clime, transferred the name of the tube or pipe to the plant itself, which has been denominated "tabaco," or, according to the orthographical corruption of the word, has been styled "tobacco" ever since.

The tobacco plant is classed with the *Nicotiana* genus. This genus derived its name from Nicot, a French or Spanish botanist, who devoted his attention to the study of this species of plants soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, or about the year 1560. The leaves of this plant, upon being dried, and then manufactured in various ways, are most commonly used for chewing and smoking purposes, and in the preparation or making of snuff. It is also used, to some extent, as a medicine.

Didn't Like the Bank Selected.

Brown—"My children manifest too early in life a tendency to put away money, and I am exceedingly worried over it."

Jenkins—"Why, that is an excellent trait, and I don't see any reason why you should be worried."

Brown—"But I am. The baby swallowed a dime this morning."

The Evidence Against Him.

Hard-Looking Citizen—"Do you want to hire a man?"

Merchant—"No, I've no use for a man that drinks."

Hard-Looking Citizen (with offended dignity)—"I can bring you any number of withnesses to prove I'm not a drinking man, sir."

Merchant (motioning him to the door)—"You can't establish an alibi for that breath."

What He Thinks About.

"My dear," said Mrs. Honeymoon to her spouse, one day at dinner, "doctors say that one should not think about business matters at meal times, as it impairs digestion and injures the health. Pray dear, what do you think about when we sit down to meals?"

"Sweetest" replied the old man, "I only think about chew!"

And Mrs. Honeymoon put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

A Musical Shoe.

Mrs. Bjones—Why, how your left shoe squeaks! What is the matter with it.

Bjones—I think it must be the music in its sole.

How He Lost Them.

Lady of the House—How did you lose those two fingers from your left hand, my poor man?

Tramp—They were cut off, mum.

"I suppose that was when you were working, and that their loss disabled you from further manual labor. Tell me was it in a mill?"

"No, mum. It wuz in a hen coop. I had to cut 'em off or steal the trap."

The Kind-Hearted Cob.

Policeman—"Here, now, move on."

Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—"I am no tramp."

Policeman—"What are ye, then?"

Stranger—"I am a country editor——"

Policeman—"I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime."

Puttin' a patched dime in the collection box is like buyin' a scalper's ticket to heaven.

A museum attraction in Boston has permanently retired from business. His specialty was catching a bullet, fired from a rifle, in his teeth. This apparently wonderful feat is not so difficult when one knows how to do it. The main thing is to have an imitation bullet composed of pasteboard. It looks exactly like lead and easily "catches" the gaping jays who see the thick. This time, however, the gun was accidentally loaded with a leaden bullet, which, instead of being stopped between the teeth of the showman, went on through his head.

CHRISTMAS EVE. A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Oh, Tommy! Just suppose robbers break in and run off with it!"

PASSING NOTES.

Great anxiety is felt in England over the failing health of the Prince of Wales.

While a number of communities in the United States, including the great State of New York, are scrambling for a secret ballot, it comforts Canadians to reflect that the controversy is an indirect homage to the superior character of our own laws.

The audit of the dock strike accounts is at last complete. The total amount of money received from all sources was in round numbers £48 000, of which £30 800, or nearly two third, came from Australia. The various British trades unions subscribed £4,000.

One of the French papers thinks it must be a great misfortune to Brazil if, as reported the Jesuits are leaving the country. But the Brazilians appear to accept the affliction with equanimity. They are said to have expressed their feelings on the subject by escheating the Jesuits' estates, a magnificent property, the order having secured under the empire the pick of the land.

Another English syndicate has been formed for the purpose of investing money in the United States. It has a capital of $100,000,-000, and is backed by some of the strongest banking and business concerns in the United Kingdom. Its object will be the development of railway enterprises and industries in general across the border, especially those which have to do with the mineral resources of the country.

It is a common saying that some questions will be left for posterity to settle. The evidence taken in the Parnell Commission surely comes under this class, for it comprises 7,086 printed pages! The judges are supposed to read it, but no one will blame them if they bequeath to a future generation the task of going over it, and prepare their report from their own notes.—Ex.

The Marquis of Lorne's new story, "Love and Peril," is his first appearance as a novelist, and he has utilized his Canadian experiences in the plot. The tale introduces scenes in the Northwest and other parts of Canada, particularly in connection with the Riel rebellion. The hero is a young and well-educated Canadian who becomes enamored with the daughter of an Indian chief.

A Grit organ joyously declares that settlement in Dakota has been more rapid than in the North-west of Canada. It omits, however, to take into consideration that Dakota has the help of strong advocacy by the Toronto "Globe" and "Mail" and other anti-Canadian Grit journals besides the favor of the United States press, while our Northwest has no such foreign assistance. Nor has a Dakota opposition ever like our Northwestern Grits warned intending settlers to keep away—[Empire.

A barber's convention has been held at Detriot. On Wednesday there was an animated discussion upon the relative merits of long hair and short hair. A long hair advocate grew very eloquent on the subject, and said that a closely-cropped head, with all its ridges and valleys revealed, was an unlovely sight. A short hair man delivered himself of this aphorism, "A barber who proposes long hair deliberately throws away half his income." Another asked scornfully whether a man was to put his hair into curl papers, or confine it with a comb or a net. These arguments prevailed. Twenty-eight barbers sided for short hair, while the other side mustered only eight votes.

The Federation of the British Empire is not a new idea, as some would suppose. A claim for its suggestion is now made on behalf of Lord Sherbrooke. When as Mr. Robert Lowe, as long ago as 1844, he sat in the Parliament of New South Wales, he expressed himself as follows:

"I hold and believe that the time is not remote when Great Britain will give up the idea of treating the dependencies of the crown as children, to be cast adrift by their parent as soon as they arrive at manhood, and substitute for it the far wiser and nobler policy of knitting herself and her colonies into one mighty confederacy, girdling the earth in its whole circumference, and confident against the world in arts and arms."

In the Northwest the Government pays three fourths of the salary of the Public school teachers, the people paying the rest. A Separate school in the Edmonton district recently reported that the trustees were paying their teacher a salary of $83 33 per month, but a return made by the teacher showed that he was paid only $50. The case has led to the suspicion that the Government is made through false returns to pay the full salary of the teachers of some of the superfluous sectarian schools. A second school is opened, though there is already a good Public school; the people are too poor to support it; therefore the teacher is represented as getting 25 per cent. more than his salary. The Government pays the remaining 75 per cent., or, in fact, the entire sum. Thus a separate school can be established without expense.—Ex.

Stanley's March.

Dec. 1.—Stanley writing from Mikessi under date Nov. 26, says that the party are all well and enjoying the luxuries Major Wissman sent to them, but he complains bitterly of having been two years and eleven months without news, the mail having been lost or robbed. A postscript, written on the morning of the 27th, states that Stanley had just received Acting Consul-General Smith's letter. Everyone was rejoiced to hear that the Queen still reigns, and eagerly wanted newspapers to learn the incidents of the last three years. Stanley gives the following as his probable itinerary:—Gerengevi, November 27; Msoa, November 28; Halt, November 29; in camp, November 29; in camp, November 30; reach Mbuyani, December 1; Kibijo, December 2; Kingani river, December 3; Bagamoyo, December 4; and Zanzibar, December 5.

The Way He Could Tell.

"I say Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"
"Of course I can."
"Well, how?"
"By the teeth."
"Chickens don't have teeth."
"No, but I have."

A Sign which Failed.

Young Husband—"Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough."

Young Wife—"I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself."

"Did you examine it closely?"

"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't cut its first teeth yet."

Curious customs prevailed in some parts of Sutherlandshire in the "olden time." Not the least curious of these was the agreement between the "minister's man" and the minister. In those days the minister, for the time being, had the sole right of fishing salmon on some of the best pools on the river. This was part of his salary, and he could fish those pools in any way he pleased, by net or rod, and by proxy. The consequence was that his servants were regularly surfeited with salmon; and so it came to pass that before engaging they bound down the minister not to give them salmon oftener than once a week!

A great outcry has been raised in the Swiss Canton Tessin against the prevalance there of bribery at elections. The political workers are constantly racking their brains to devise new means of buying votes. The mayor of a small city near Locarno recently, while running for reelection, invited every person who would promise to vote for him, to eat and drink at his expense for three months at certain specified taverns. The success of his plan is shown by the fact that he was reelected and that his bills at the taverns in question amounted to 14 000 francs. Votes bought in the old-fashioned way cost from 20 cents to $5 each. Even clergy are said to bribe electors right and eft.

FOR AND ABOUT WOM

FASHION NOTES.

Some stylish gowns are now cut princesse fashion, or are given the appearance of being entirely in one piece as, for instance, a grey cloth costume trimmed with Persian lamb and intended for street wear and skating, is made on a sarcenet foundation. The bodice is hooked at the back, and the backs, together with the pleated material, are cut in one, with the front drapery covered part way with fur, and underneath with bias bands. These bands are about two inches wide in front and arranged above each other over the different parts of the foundation, where they can be slipped wider or closer together according to the style of the figure. The drapery breadth, cut in one with the backs, is pleated under and joined to the front drapery, caught up at the sides, and sewn on to the bodice at the upper edge, turning the latter under.

Fashionable bodices are becoming more loose and easy in effect, and the taste for Greek and Roman features in dress is constantly increasing. In reality the bodices are glove-fitting, but the neglige arrangement of drapery quite conceals this fact. There is a passion for plaids since the Duchess of Fife's marriage. Plain jerseys are decidedly pretty when worn above some tartan skirts. A good many people wear plaid bodices also, but one should be very careful in this matter, as plaids are not becoming to the ordinary figure. Of course a good deal depends on the dressmaker. She can modify the sharp lines of a plaided waist by shaping the blocks diagonally, the slanting, curving lines taking away all the wooden look of such a garment. Above all, ladies, do not have plaided sleeves. They are hideous. Wear large velvet sleeves and velvet yoke too, with a plaided bodice. No woman could look pretty with those huge blocks on her arms.

A pretty skating dress could be made of a plain short skirt of the Victoria tartan, slightly lifted in a puff on the left hip, showing a plain skirt of dark poppy red velvet beneath, yoke, and wide sleeves, with a friar's girdle of heavy silk and wool knotted loosely at the waist. The colors of the girdle should match the sleeves and yoke. A pretty toque with a softly folded poppy velvet crown, pierced with large pearl pins, would make up a piquante, lovely costume.

There is an agitation on foot in England to do away with the heavy mourning that has so long been customary for us to wear on the death of a near and dear one. Well the "luxury of woe" is the tender homage that one offers at the shrine of buried treasures, and it will take much talking and many examples before we discard what is really an outgrowth of the purest and deepest feelings. When the cradle is empty, and the clatter of little feet and prattle of sweet shrill voices is forever stilled, the poor mother-heart wants to shew to the world how dear her darling was to her, and it is hard to blame her. Now, however, physicians step in and tell us that crape cannot be too strongly condemned, for it contains chemicals that often seriously affect the health. A crape veil worn over the face has produced some terrible cases of cutaneous disease. Upon persons of a highly nervous temperament the wearing of mourning has sometimes very serious effects. I knew one lady in Ireland of a very sensitive organization who was absolutely driven to insanity through enveloping herself in very deep mourning. She would never lift her heavy crape veil to look at a peep of sunshine; never see the bright outside world except through the same sombre curtain, and the doctors agreed that the intense blackness with which she surrounded herself was the primary cause of the melancholia which afterwards seized her. However, it will be difficult for women to accustom themselves to wearing a gay dress with, as is recommended, the addition of a black sash of nun's veiling tied loosely around the waist, with a black necktie and band on the arm, such as gentleman wear. Mourners should avoid fussiness of detail in ordering their gowns, as everything should be made simply and plainly, for two much "style" is in the worst possible form. Dull blacks and soft clinging materials are in the best taste.

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

I want to say a word about nervous children. Never scold or make fun of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Don't let them know you see their awkwardness when in company, nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported by the Boston Globe of a boy 10 years old, who, on being vexed, and often without any provocation, will clinch his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head, till his poor mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control his little wires so to speak, on which he is strung. This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in a similar fashion. Never whip them, but talk to them about these curious little strings, that should be made their servants, not their masters. A prominent physician in this city says the man or woman who whips a nervous child should for every blow given receive five, and is on a level with brutes that have no reason. It is our duty to encourage and help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women, for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent toward the capers of your over-nervous child.—Christian Union.

HOW SOME GIRLS WALK.

Why is it our young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffing the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of Canada's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and the lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, back bent, head forward, and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm, graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms, and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—[Kingston Freeman.

The success of the dock laborers in their recent strike has led them to take another more radical step. The hands at the Tilbury docks have struck because the foreman and clerks of the company refused to join the union.

Only One Thing Lacking.—(Mr. Jones had married little Johnny's maiden aunt and they were at the wedding breakfast.) Little Johnny (to his grandfather)—"When are you going to begin on him, grampa?" Grandpa—"Begin on who, Johnny?" "On Mr. Jones, I heard you tell grandma he wouldn't be so bad if you could only put some brains in him." Breakfast was finished without Johnny.—Texas Siftings.

The Bishop of Richmond preached on football to over 1,000 men in Bradford, Yorkshire, on November 24. His lordship said that if Christ had seen such a great crowd as assembled in Bradford on Saturday, and noticed the enthusiasm and interest in the game, He would have rejoiced with them in breaking away from work, and would have drawn out all the good He could. St. Paul also would have stepped into the field and found his illustrations there. The bishop, as a lover of the game, urged that it was worth playing and watching for its own sake, apart from betting and other evils.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail	6.24 a. m	Mixed	10.51 a. m.
Mixed	5.28 p. m.	Mail	3.39 p. m.

Our Clubbing List.

We have made arrangements whereby we can club the News-Argus with the following papers at the rates given below:—

The News-Argus, *Weekly Mail* and *Farm and Fireside*, all from now to the end of 1890, and a premium picture, all for	$1 80
Or, all the above and and a set of Dickens' novels, 12 vols., for	2 80
The News-Argus and *Weekly Globe*, from now to end of 1890, for	1 75
The News Argus, *Weekly Globe* and Model Encyclopedia for	2 00
The News-Argus, *Weekly Globe* and a set of Dickens' works, 15 vols., for	3 00
The News-Argus, *Weekly Globe* and Scott's Waverley novels, 12 vols., for	3 00
The News-Argus, *Weekly Globe*, Model Encyclopedia, and a set each of Dickens' and Scott's works, for	4 50
The News Argus and *Weekly Empire* from now to the end of 1890, for	1 75
The News-Argus and *The Canadian Queen* one year for	1 50

HOME MATTERS.

Dr. Loucks and wife, of Campbellford, spent Christmas here.

Miss S. McGee is very ill. We hope soon to see her around again.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, is at the Stirling House every Wednesday.

Miss Ellen Sine is home from Toronto spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. I. Denike and wife, of Thurlow, spent Christmas with friends in the village and vicinity.

Mr. Delbert Utman and family left on Tuesday last to spend the holidays at Ottawa and vicinity.

Mr. Edward Scott, of Heckston, Ont., is spending his Christmas holidays with friends and relatives in Rawdon.

Messrs. H. Shaw, J. Kennedy and J. Loucks, and a number of others from Campbellford, spent Christmas in this village.

Messrs W. H. Shaw and N. McWilliams, of Marmora, spent Christmas here and assisted the band in giving selections Christmas morning.

F. R. Parker, B. A., arrived home from Kemptville on Friday last, having spent a day or two at Kingston attending Queen's College celebration.

T. A. Eggleton, Photographer and Crayon Artist, will be in Stirling Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week. Also, from the 23rd Dec. to 4th Jan., inclusive.

The Norwood *Register* of Dec. 19 says:—Mr. Boldrick has disposed of his business and is now stock taking. He expects to leave finally in the course of a week or ten days.

A new weekly paper, "The Canadian Nation," has just been started in Toronto. It is the organ of the "Third Party," and promises to make things lively and interesting for the two old parties.

The next annual meeting of the Ontario Bee Keepers' Association will be held in the City Hall, Belleville, on the 8th and 9th of January next, 1890. All interested in bee keeping are cordially invited to attend the meetings.

We hope the tea meeting on Monday night for the repair fund of St. John's Church will be well attended, as it deserves to be. The Christmas Tree will be on the following night for the Sunday School children. Open to all for a small admission.

A unanimous invitation has been extended by the Quarterly Board of the Stirling Methodist Church to the Rev. Amos Campbell, of Deseronto, to become pastor of this circuit at the next ecclesiastical year. This invitation of course is subject to the approval of Conference.

We understand the congregation of St. John's Church, Stirling, presented Rev. Mr. Harvey with a beautiful gold watch on the offertory plate on Christmas morning. An address and presentation was also made to Miss Mary Heard in recognition of her services as organist of the church for the past year.

Correction.—In the statement of assets and liabilities of the township of Rawdon published in the News-Argus last week, the total of the liabilities was given wrong, as any one can see by adding up the figures. The correct amount is $18,110.36, instead of $15,110.36 as given, a difference of just $3,000.

A thunderstorm in December is a rare occurrence in this latitude, but this section was visited by one early on Sunday morning last, the 22nd inst. The oldest inhabitant can scarcely remember when such a storm visited us so near Christmas. We have had remarkably mild weather this year in December.

Don't forget the New Year anniversary celebration to be held at Bethel Church, three miles north of Stirling, on Wednesday evening, January 1st, 1890. There will be a number of talented speakers and singers from Belleville, Trenton, Madoc and other places, and a first class entertainment is promised.

Remember the Tea Meeting to be given by the ladies of St. John's Church, Stirling, on Monday next, the 30th Dec. Supper will be served in the Masonic Hall, and the intellectual part in the Music Hall. The proceeds will be donated to the repair fund of the Church, and the Committee hope for a generous support.

A number of farmers in this county who have given their notes to the grain swindlers, and said notes falling due on Jan. 1st, met in Belleville on Saturday last and resolved to resist payment of the notes, and have employed legal counsel to assist them. If the cases come to trial there will be some interesting revelations.

We regret to learn of the death of Walter, eldest son of Mr. Thos. Scott, of Glen Stewart, and formerly of the Township of Rawdon. He was taken off by inflamatory croup, on the 28th Nov., after five days' illness, at the age of 9 years and 20 days. He was a bright, active, manly little fellow, and for one so young possessed of great mechanical genius.

The Christmas entertainment given by the Methodist Sunday School on the evening of Christmas day was an immense success. The large Sunday School room was crowded to its utmost capacity, while a good programme was rendered, occupied nearly three hours. The principal pieces were the Christmas Cantata, and the Peake sisters, both of which were well done. There were also a couple of tableaux, both very fine, and dialogues and music making on the whole a good programme. The gross proceeds were over fifty dollars.

L. B. McKenna, M. A., for some time a resident of Quincy, Ill., and Professor in the "Gem City Business College," in a note to the editor of the News-Argus, says:—"Having spent my boyhood days at Stirling I still have a longing fondness for the place, though it is now nearly 25 years since I left your village. I began teaching at Springbrook, January, 1861, a mere boy." Referring to the new arithmetic, of which he is one of the authors, a notice of which appears in another column, he says it is "very popular, both in our college and in other business colleges. It is now in use in seven of the leading colleges of the United States."

High School Entertainment.

The High School closing exercises on Thursday last were all they were represented to be and more. Promptly at eight o'clock Dr. Boulter took the chair, and after congratulating the school on the splendid audience, (both halls and all the aisles were jammed), called for the opening chorus, "The Sleigh Drive," by the school. Mr. J. O. Herity gave the opening address in splendid style. It was marked by wit and pathos of no mean order. The instrumental duet by Misses Milne and Parker, and the horn trio by the Green family received merited applause. Mrs. Reid gave two recitations which more than sustained her reputation as an artist of the first order. Her rendering of "Briar Rose" was worth more than the admission fee. Misses Green and Boulter gave each a song with great taste and sweetness.

The merriest item on the programme was the "Quack Doctor," by three boys. Their acting was simply immense, and jokes side splitting. The death scene in "Coriolanus" likewise was well rendered. Messrs. Herity and Kingston won laurels by their able presentation of the two leading characters.

Debating has formed the preliminary exercise of the most famous men of all ages. The debate last Thursday evening was acknowledged universally to be the best exhibition of "boy speaking" ever heard in this section of country. The drill necessary not simply to give the fluency and accuracy of speech but to develop the energy and penetration of thought apparent throughout the discussion, must have a strengthening effect on the mind, as well as proving a sure means of increasing the vocabulary of each speaker.

The evening closed with a military review of the High School Cadets by Lieutenant McKee and Major Boulter. The movements were very interesting and showed great steadiness on the part of the boys. The inspectors showed great skill in manipulating the small space at their disposal in such a way as to receive the majority of company and rifle movements. The sword exercise was especially marked and well done.

Messrs. Reid and Simmons deserve great credit not merely for the material progress made in the various classes, but also for the enthusiasm and spirit of hard work pervading the entire school.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the U. S., and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price **25c.** a bottle.

Births.

In Stirling, on Dec. 22nd, wife of David Shetler, of a son.

In Rawdon, on Dec. 20th, wife of Wilson Harlow, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on Dec. 20th, wife of James Wilson, of a daughter.

Deaths.

In Chandos, on Tuesday, Dec. 17, Samuel, eldest son of William Bass, aged 20 years.

At Hoard's Station, on the 22nd Dec., Joseph Ketchy, aged 43 years, 10 months and 6 days.

STIRLING MARKETS.

Wheat, 80c. to 80c.
Barley, 35 to 45c.
Rye, 40 to 45c.
Oats, 25c.
Pease, 50 to 50c.
Buckwheat, 45 to 50c.
Butter, 15 to 15c.
Eggs, 15c. to 15c.
Potatoes, per bag, 50 to 55c.
Hams, 9 to 10c
Smoked Ham, 10 to 13c.
Pork, 5½c. to 6c.
Barrel Pork, 8 to 10c.
Bacon, 11 to 11c.
Lard, 10c. to 13c.
Chickens, per pair, 35c. to 40c.
Apples, per bag, 75 to 75c.
Dried Apples, $1.00 to $1.10 per bushel.

MILNE & CLUTE

CROCKERY GLASSWARE, ETC.

We have opened out a complete stock of these goods, and we feel sure that you will be pleased to take a look at them, and if you want to buy we will be pleased to sell them.

ROCK BOTTOM

is our price.

White GRANITE SETS

at $2.00.

FANCY!

at $3.50.

$4.00 to $18.00 for a complete

DINNER SET.

Fancy Water Sets, Toilet Sets, Cruets, Vinegar Jugs, Etc.,

at the same rock bottom price.

FULL STOCK OF

GROCERIES

Fresh and good. The best 25c. and 40c. TEA to be had, worth 25 per cent. more.

It will be worth your while to take a look in and see what we have.

ONE YOKE FIRST CLASS

WORKING :-: OXEN!

FOR SALE.

All accounts and notes due the firm must be paid forthwith.

Milne & Clute.

SANTA CLAUS

—AND—

CHRISTMAS - CHEER.

I hope my patrons will gladden the hearts of their wives or daughters with a nice

FUR COAT or PERSIAN LAMB CAP.

Lots of the very best to choose from at Boldrick's Corner Store.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

Just dot this down in your diary that

W. H. CALDER'S

is the cheapest place in town to buy your FANCY GOODS.

Note some of the prices:

Emb'y Silks, 12c. per doz. Rope Silks, 50c. per doz. Arrasene, 7c. per skein. Chinelle Cord, from 6 to 12c. per yd. Panel Rods in Plush and Gilt, 25 to 45c. Ponpons, 30c. per dozen and upwards, all shades. Macrame cord, 12½c.

Match Holders, Bangles, Bells, Fancy Hair Pins, Plushes, Fancy Hdkchfs., equally as cheap. We will give 25 per cent. off on MILLINERY for the balance of the season.

DRESSMAKING

on the premises by MISS LANGTREE.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

W. H. CALDER.

GREAT

DISSOLUTION SALE.

BRIGNALL & THOMPSON

are positively selling out their stock of Dry Goods, etc., regardless of value or cost, at prices they will bring, no matter how low it is necessary to make them.

The stock must be cleared out by January next, and the greatest inducement we know of to effect this object is to make prices low enough. This we have undoubtedly done, and our sales have been very large, but the Stock is still heavy and well assorted. So we would advise all parties who wish to get the best possible value for their money to give us a call and see the bargains we are offering in

DRY - GOODS!

MILLINERY,

CARPETS, GENTS' ORDERED CLOTHING

and they will be convinced that this is the golden opportunity to make their purchases.

Brignall & Thompson,

BELLEVILLE.

The Brown Manufacturing Company, who have the contract for the building of the bridge across the bay at Belleville, are busily engaged in getting material for the same.

There was a total eclipse of the sun on the 1st of January last, and another on Sunday last, the 22nd of Dec. It is seldom that two such occurrences take place within one calendar year.

Rain and mud have been the prevailing characteristics of our Christmas weather this year. Christmas day was fine, but the day and evening previous there was a perfect downpour of rain.

The Youth's Companion Double Christmas Number is a charming souvenir. Its delicately colored cover encloses a wealth of stories and pictures that are intensely interesting to readers of all ages. Some of the features are, "Christmas in a Wagon," by J. L. Harbour, a story of pioneer life in the Rocky Mountains; "A Double Decker," by Mrs. Frank Lee, a story for the boys, and another for the girls, entitled "Beth's Memorial Stocking," by Mrs. H. G. Rowe; an interesting description, by Emory J. Haynes, of the famous "Minot's Ledge Light;" Arabella B. Buckley's "Sleep of Plants, and What it Means;" "Attacked by Cheyennes," by K. L. O. F. Walcott, a story of wild western life; "A Christmas Night's Sensation," by Clinton B. Converse, and "Alice's Christmas," both fresh and appropriate to the season; highly beneficial editorials on "Thoroughness" and "Stanley's Return," with a beautiful page for the very young children, together with anecdotes and bits of fun, combine to make a complete treasury for the whole family.

PAY UP!

ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED by note or account will please call and settle the same on or before the 30th inst.

D. NERRIE.

Springbrook, Dec. 3rd, 1889.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO LADY TEACHERS TO TEACH IN School Section No. 20, Rawdon. Apply to the trustees of the section.

NATHAN CLARK.
S. FORESTELL.
S. J. DANFORD.

Springbrook, Dec. 11th, 1889.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of JOHN A. McCONNELL, of Springbrook, in the County of Hastings, Dealer in Hay Forks and Slings.

Notice is hereby given that the above named John A. McConnell has made an Assignment of his Estate and Effects to me, in pursuance of Chapter 124, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, in trust for the benefit of his Creditors.

A meeting of the Creditors of the said Insolvent will be held at my office, in the Village of Marmora, on FRIDAY, the 27th day of DECEMBER, 1889, at One o'clock in the afternoon, for the appointment of Inspectors and giving directions as to the disposal of the Estate.

All persons having claims against the said Insolvent are required to furnish me with the particulars upon affidavit, together with the securities held by them, if any, on or before the 2nd day of January, 1890, after which I shall proceed to distribute the said estate among the persons of whose claims I shall have notice.

A. W. CARSCALLEN.
Assignee.

Dated at Marmora, Dec. 14th, 1889.

THE LAST OPPORTUNITY

REMEMBER!

We will only be here about three weeks longer, therefore do not miss the chance of laying in a stock of goods.

JUST A FEW LINES WE MENTION SPECIALLY THIS WEEK

Men's Underclothing, 50c. per suit, worth $1.00.
Men's All Wool Heavy Tweed Coats, $4.00, worth $7.00.
Men's All Wool Tweed Pants, $2.00, worth $4.00.
Men's All Wool Overshirts, 45c., worth 90c.

We have a few ends of CARPET and a few pairs of CURTAINS left

AND THEY MUST BE SOLD!

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL.

DREWRY ESTATE IN LIQUIDATION!

STEDMAN'S BLOCK, STIRLING.

GRAND Reduction - Sale

—AT—

FAULKNER'S!

For one month, commencing

Saturday, December 14,

we will offer

Our ENTIRE STOCK

—AT—

10 PER CENT. ABOVE COST

FOR CASH.

We do this to clear out our immense stock which is much too large. Our goods are all new and first-class, and we guaran'ee satisfaction. No shoddy. Call and be convinced.

CUTTERS

Large stock of first class cutters at low prices.

G. W. FAULKNER.

STRAYED.

CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE subscriber, Lot 12, Con. 2, Rawdon, on or about the 15th November last, two spring calves. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JOHN VANCE.

Rawdon, Dec. 4th, 1889.

STRAYED.

STRAYED SINCE ABOUT THE FIRST OF October last, a two-year-old Heifer, light red, with two white hind feet, star in forehead, tip of tail white, and a little white on flank. Any person giving information that will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HENRY JEFFREY.
Lot 1, 3rd Con. Huntingdon.
West Huntingdon P. O.

9 Cords IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have sawed from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free with each machine; by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. No duty to pay; we manufacture in Canada. Ask your dealer or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 311 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

HARDWARE.

See our line of

CROSS CUT SAWS!

lance tooth, requiring no set.

The new patent

-SAW - SET - and - JOINTER.-

Every one should have a saw gauge.

—A BIG LINE OF—

AXES!

at 65 cents.

Also, all steel axes, cow chains, sleigh bells.

A full line of Hardware at bottom prices.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

THOMAS H. McKEE,

DEALER IN

HARNESS

Whips, Combs, Brushes,

Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Baby Carriages, Boys' Wagons,

Horse Blankets, Summer Rugs, Rubber Rugs, Fly Nets,

Horse Clippers, Saddlery Hardware

THOMAS H. McKEE.

Fire & Life Insurance

CERTAIN PERSONS WHO HAVE LATELY obtained a sub-agency for a company, feeling over-anxious to monopolise the whole business, go about the country stating that the companies that I represent have gone out of the business, more especially the Farm Branch, which is not the case. Another mode of securing risks is to take them below tariff rate, knowing at the same time they will not go through, and call around later on and inform the applicant that the Company refuses to accept below tariff rate, and collect the additional premium. I still represent the ROYAL, of England, "*The Best and Strongest in the World*," for the county outside the city of Belleville, beside two other first class English companies. Parties requiring insurance, either Fire or Life, would do well to give me a call as I am in a position to make it an object.

A. CHARD,
General Agent Royal Ins. Co.,
Stirling, Ont.

Stirling, May 21st, 1889.

PRINTERS' INK.

A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

Is issued on the first and fifteenth days of each month, and is the representative journal—the trade journal of American advertisers. It indicates to the inexperienced advertiser how, when, and where he should advertise; how to write an advertisement; how to display one; what newspapers to use; how much money to expend—in fact, discourses on every point that admits of profitable discussion. Advertising is an art practised by many but understood by few. The conductors of PRINTERS' INK understand it, and their advice is based on an experience of more than twenty-five years in placing advertising contracts for many of the largest and most successful advertisers. A year's subscription costs but One Dollar; sample copies Free. Address:—

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.

PATENTS,

Caveats and *Re-Issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.

Upon receipt of *model* or *sketch* of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability *free of charge*.

With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care in the shortest possible time.

FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive attention given to patent business.* Information, advice and special references sent on request.

J. R. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.,
Opposite U. S. Patent Office.

(Mention this paper.)

TAKE NOTICE.

We will thank all indebted to us either by note or book account to call at once and settle.

H. & J. Warren

December 3rd, 1889.

PUMPS!

CRYER & SMITH,

PUMP MAKERS.

STIRLING.

FIRST CLASS STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND, and a good assortment to choose from.

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